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Zodiac Girls

by Willy Pogany

Leo

LEO, "The Lion," is the fifth sign of the zodiac. Famed among the constellations, it was known to the Arabs as the Fiery Trigon. The ancient Persians depicted it on their banners and it was worshiped by the Egyptians and Mexicans. According to legend, Leo was placed in the heavens by Jupiter to commemorate the slaying by Hercules of the Lion of Nemea.

(See Next Page)

Japan's Fiendish Shanghai Experiment

EVERY day from dusk until dawn rickshaws roll up to the bright-lighted marquees of Shanghai's smart hotels. The two-wheeled hacks deliver and take away a curious collection of Chinese men and women. Prosperous-looking and well-dressed customers are bowed obsequiously inside. Shabby patrons are turned away. The Jap bosses of the hotels have no use for ex-big spenders fresh out of money.

Those who go in by the front door get the best of everything—so long as they play the Oriental and Occidental games of chance their Jap hosts provide for their distraction. Guests who don't gamble, or who are niggardly with their bets, are invited to the office of the Jap manager who hissingly suggests prompt and generous participation in the establishment's main divertissements.

It isn't healthy for patrons to ignore such suggestions.

Every guest is carefully and quietly observed by a cleverly deployed squad of pretty slant-eyed hostesses, who move through the dining rooms, the lounges, the bar and the gaming rooms with demure and amiable grace. Their smiles are brightest for unattached males with plenty of puppet dollars in their pockets.

Such is the pleasant surface aspect of the Shanghai Experiment.

The sinister purpose of this experiment is to ruin—financially, physically, mentally and morally—as many Chinese as possible. Thus are the malicious molders of the "co-prosperity sphere" helping to finance the war and cut down Chinese resistance.

Pretty, Slant-Eyed Hostesses Move Among the Gamblers With Demure and Amiable Grace. Their Smiles Are Brightest for Male Customers With Plenty of Puppet Dollars in Their Pockets.

A long-time resident of Shanghai who recently escaped to Chungking got a behind-the-scenes look at the Shanghai Experiment by playing a quisling game with the Nips.

He gambled heavily at the Western Garden Hotel. He hobnobbed with the Jap manager. He found out that this hotel—and every similar playground—is the center of a busy ring of pawnshops and opium dens. "Cure Houses," the Japs call them.

Customers are systematically robbed at the gambling tables. They are induced by the pretty hostesses to forget their losses by smoking the pipe that brings celestial dreams—and to hock their worldly goods. Only when they are broke, and incurable hopheads, do the field workers of the Shanghai Experiment—the vilest scheme of human sabotage ever devised—kick them out of their luxurious laboratories.

In the front office in Tokio, the master chart of the experiment keeps the score of money taken in—and human lives wrecked. And even the taciturn Tojo, who demands the impossible of his underlings, rubs his hairy, saffron paws in satisfaction.

To him the Shanghai Experiment stretches its octopus tentacles to every part of China occupied by the Japs. Its victims are numbered in the millions. Thousands of them are dead. The others have neither the means nor the will to oppose the invaders.

Every year the poppy fields grow bigger. They cover more than 46,000 acres in Manchuria and Jehol alone. This year the harvest from these acres will be almost three million pounds of opium, enough dope to "liquidate" thousands of other victims.

Some day China will be free from the brutal domination of their little brown brothers—but it will take generations to erase the effect of the lowest, and most successful, piece of sabotage ever cooked up by so-called civilized men.

The Old Man's Whiskers, as Well as His Three Pairs of Overalls, Hid the Strangest Collection of Stuff That the Des Moines Police Had Ever Found on One Man.

He's a Walking Junkyard

IT'LL be a long time before the Des Moines, Iowa, police get as much out of a frisking job as they did when they "shook down" 70-year-old Robert Butterworth, a painter brought into headquarters on the charge of maintaining a fire hazard.

The bearded oldster had on three pairs of overalls, and every pocket in these well-worn garments turned out to be full of stuff. Among other things the police unearthed 20 paint brushes, 60 pens and pencils, four putty knives, 17 combs, 50 feet of cord, two road maps, a quart of sauerkraut, several pounds of hotdogs and five pounds of sugar.

And that wasn't all. The seemingly bottomless overalls were also concealing four flashlights, a razor and three packages of blades, a bar of soap, a hammer, six knives, shoe laces, buttons, nails, marbles, safety pins, chains and a ration book.

As a final fillip to this session with a walking junkyard, the police rustled through the old man's whiskers and found a gross of used toothpicks, a whistle and—believe it or not—a tube of brushless shaving cream.

If You're Ruled by the Sun

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader

LEO (The Lion) is your astrological sign if you were born from July 23 to August 22 of any year. The Sun is your ruling planet.

Benevolence is one of your rare qualities. You have an understanding nature but you can be opinionated. Competency is your keyword. Frankness, good nature and an active mentality combined with a great talent for mastering business problems insure you an open sesame to success.

You enjoy having co-workers who appreciate your kindly personality. But often they are subservient to your opinions, thus tending to spoil you. However, you possess unusual gifts for utilizing their abilities.

You never take an undue advantage or engage in a shady transaction. In a controversy you fight in the open and back your arguments frankly, regardless of consequences to yourself. When you express your affection you do so free from any fear of others and without jealousy.

You carry your insistence to dominate into your own home as well as among your business associates. You should cultivate tolerance for the viewpoints of others, or you'll face the danger of alienating those you love and antagonizing acquaintances.

LOOK FOR THIS POSTER!

Many grocers are offering specials on Wheaties, during 4th Annual Wheaties Week. Join in the celebration. Try Wheaties!

"Look, them Ubangis carry their Wheaties bowls right with 'em!"

AFTER ALL, any time's the time for Wheaties. Why not be prepared? . . . Seriously, a big bowlful of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions", with plenty of milk and fruit, offers good eating plus good nourishment. At breakfast time. At lunch. For mid-afternoon or bed-time snacks. Easy to fix (these whole wheat flakes being ready to eat). Also fun!

Had YOUR Wheaties today?

A LAUGH? Skipping breakfast is no joke! Give yourself a good morning meal, including a big bowl of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions", with lots of fruit, milk. Champion nourishment (whole grain).

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. . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . . BUY WAR BONDS . . .

Betty Crocker Says: Mix A Better Cake*— In 4 Minutes

DON'T CREAM SHORTENING - DON'T BEAT EGGS - USE ONLY 1 BOWL

Amazing New Betty Crocker *Speed* Method Gives More Delicious Cake!*

—Less Time—Less Work—

SOFTASILK Cake Flour

FREE! 6 New BETTY CROCKER Speed Method Recipes with Package

TRY AMAZING NEW BETTY CROCKER METHOD IN

Fluffy Gold Cake

Developed by Betty Crocker and her staff.

Set out all ingredients well ahead to get to room temperature. (Shortening should be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour two 8-inch round layer pans and line the bottoms with plain wrapping paper cut to fit and greased. Sift SOFTASILK Cake Flour before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

Sift together into bowl . . { 2 cups *sifted* SOFTASILK ★ 3 or 3½ or 4 tsp. baking powder / 1 tsp. salt / 1½ cups sugar

Add . . { ½ cup high grade vegetable shortening (part butter adds flavor)

And ⅔ of 1 cup milk

Mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium* speed (or beat with spoon) 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl frequently.

Add . . { remaining ⅓ of the milk / ½ tsp. lemon extract / ½ tsp. vanilla / 4 large egg yolks (at least ½ cup) unbeaten

Continue mixing for 2 more minutes (scraping bowl frequently). Pour into prepared pans. Bake *about 30 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°).

CAUTION: For ease in removing layers, be sure edges of cake are loosened from pans.

★ Smallest amount for double-action type baking powder ("Clabber Girl," "Davis," "Calumet," "K.C." etc.); middle amount for phosphate type ("Rumford," "Dr. Price's," etc.); largest amount for tartrate type

NOTE: You may rest a moment if you mix by hand. Just count actual mixing time.

Copr. 1944, General Mills, Inc.

You use only one bowl! This sensational *New Speed* Method, developed by Betty Crocker, cuts mixing time to only four minutes by the clock!

You don't cream shortening! (See recipe.) Break all cake-making rules—yet if you use Softasilk Cake Flour, more delicious cake is guaranteed!*

You don't beat eggs! In yolks go—unbeaten. Just so! Only one caution—we guarantee only Softasilk Cake Flour to work in this amazing *new Speed* Method.*

You get far more delicious cake! Try it. In one package get *the* Cake Flour and 6 Betty Crocker *Speed* Method recipes that spell new cake-making magic!

NOTE: Softasilk will give you wonderful cake in any standard cake flour recipe.

***FULL COST OF CAKE REFUNDED. Full cost of all ingredients in cake refunded if this New Betty Crocker Speed Method and Softasilk Cake Flour do not give you better results in a similar type cake than any other flour and any other recipe. GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.**

"Betty Crocker" and "Softasilk" are reg. trade marks of General Mills Inc.

Toads Saving the Sugar Crop

Beetle-Swallowing Argentine Batrachia Gobble Up Florida's Cane-Eating Euetheola Rugiceps, While Armadillos and Ladybugs Make Economically Sound Meals on Other Insects

Tough Old Bufo Marinus, Cousin of Florida's New Toad Guests, Was Imported From Central America to Destroy Black Widow Spiders.

THE happiest toads in the world are to be found today in Florida cane fields.

They are recent immigrants, and, like many such, they are happy because they are enjoying the best meals of their lives.

However, they are also being useful. For, as they gorge, the batrachian banqueters are saving Florida's 1944 sugar crop.

The toads were invited to the Lucullian feast as the result of the recent appearance in unprecedented numbers of Euetheola Rugiceps, more commonly called sugar cane beetle.

Florida cane growers remembered that a similar problem had been solved some years ago in Argentina by voracious toads that ate up the pests before they got well started.

Armadillos Are Destroying the Dread Screw Worm in the Everglades State.

Florida toads were turned loose on the infested areas, but did not show sufficient enthusiasm for the insect feast set before them. So the sugar growers sent a frantic SOS to the Argentine for toads that had a better appreciation of the plat du jour.

Priorities were arranged on Pan-American planes and within a few days hosts of batrachian bug-hunters began to arrive at Florida airports.

They were rushed to the sugar plantations, where they soon settled down contentedly at their favorite pastime of filling their stomachs—which they do very well about four times each day.

Argentine toads are no better bug-eaters than our own home-grown varieties, or, for that matter, than toads anywhere in the world. But this particular type had been conditioned for generations to prefer the sugar pest over other items of diet.

The biggest and toughest-looking of all the toad family is Bufo Marinus. Brought to this country several years ago, it is thriving nicely. Although he has a sweet tooth, too, and is noted for absorbing the insect population of the Hawaiian cane fields, he was imported to the United States for an entirely different reason—the destruction of the black widow spider.

Bufo originated in Central America. In the 20's a professional toad hatcher took 148 of them to Hawaii in a suitcase. Now millions of them are there, all growing fat and saucy on their sugar pest diet. When the black widow spider became recognized as a poisonous menace, insect specialists decided that Bufo was just the man to handle the situation.

He turned out to be something of a flop, not because he didn't gobble up every spider he could find, but because the black widow, with a special penchant for dark corners of barns and tool sheds, kept out of his way.

Tests showed that Bufo, who dines happily on scorpions, centipedes and various other lethal crawlers, had no more fear of the deadly black widow than he had for anything else with multiple legs. His sticky, lightning-quick tongue disposed of the beautiful insect murderess before she knew what was happening to her.

In their own peculiar way, toads are just as poisonous as anything they eat. Those bumps on their backs, which are commonly believed to produce warts on anyone who touches them—but don't—are actually glands which contain poison.

Some snakes eat toads and thrive on them, but most animals refuse to have anything to do with them.

Another strange animal which got into Florida more or less by mistake is helping to destroy insect pests there, including the dreaded screw worm. It is the armadillo, a heavily-armored creature about the size of a large rat, which belongs to the ant-eater family.

Florida's Sugar Cane Crop, Menaced by Euetheola Rugiceps Beetles, Until an SOS Brought Imported Toads to Eat Them.

The armadillos, which eat insects, roots, worms and reptiles, are natives of South America, although one branch of the family lives in Texas.

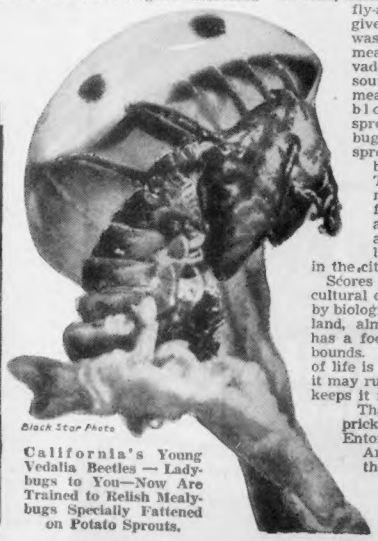
The war on insects, carried on by their natural enemies for countless centuries, has become much more intense since entomologists discovered that the most effective way of controlling insect pests is to import some bird, beast or bug that preys on them.

Probably the most successful importation was virtually the first, the Vedalia beetle, or Rodolia cardinales, which was brought in from Australia 50 years ago to combat the cottony cushion scale in California.

It did a fine job, but just this year Rodolia, better known to you as the fly-away-home ladybug, was given a brand-new job. She was sicked against the mealybugs which have invaded the citrus groves of southern California. The mealybugs dote on citrus blossoms and potato sprouts. Captured mealybugs feast and breed on the sprouts, after which ladybugs are introduced. Their larvae learn to make an excellent meal from the mealybugs, and as soon as the lesson is assimilated the adult ladybugs are put to work in the citrus groves.

Scores of destroyers of agricultural crops have been subdued by biological control. In its homeland, almost every living thing has a foe which keeps it within bounds. But when a new form of life is introduced into an area, it may run away because nothing keeps it in check.

That happened with the prickly pear in Australia. Entomologists brought in Argentine moths. When their larvae got hungry, the cactus disappeared. In two years 15,000,000 acres were ready for resettlement.



California's Young Vedalia Beetles — Ladybugs to You—Now Are Trained to Relish Mealybugs Specially Fattened on Potato Sprouts.

The Lovelorn Duke's 1-Man Commando Raid

When Wealthy, Romantic Westminster Dreamed of His Beautiful Betty Marooned in France, He Established His Own Private Beachhead, and Rescued Her From Dieppe

The Present Duchess of Westminster: Her Father Keeps the Privy Purse, But She Couldn't Keep Her Husband.

The Gallant Duke Snatched Betty From Dieppe, Right Out From Under Nazi Noses.

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

His Grace, the Duke of Westminster, Who Said, "I Like to Have a Lot of Women All the Time."

The Duke's First Wife, Constance Edwina, Whom He Locked Out of Their Home; and Left —Violet, the 2nd Duchess, Who Cast Her Rival's Clothes Upon the Waters.

Int'l

By PATRICK MAHONY

LIGHT has just been shed on the heretofore rather cloudy question of how the British first caught on to the commando idea.

Apparently England's wealthiest peer, the Duke of Westminster, originated it when, early in the war, he roared across the Channel in his yacht and rescued a beautiful French girl from Nazi-threatened Dieppe.

In less troubled times his impetuous exploit would have been pounced on immediately by London gossips, many of whom have been dining out for years on the strength of what they know about his romantic life.

As it is, news of the episode has only recently reached Mayfair.

Even more remarkable, it now develops that His 65-Year-Old Grace has enjoyed an almost wholly unpublicized companionship with the young lady from the day of her rescue right down to the present.

Some say that this is because it's hard to keep tabs on a man with so many homes. Suppose, they point out, he isn't at any of his three lavish London residences (he owns practically all of Mayfair, is even landlord to the U. S. Embassy) his absence still wouldn't attract much attention until returns had also come in from Eaton Hall, his ancestral Cheshire castle, from his estates in Sutherland, Flintshire, Surrey and Scotland, from his 16,000 acres in South Africa and a number of other occasional haunts which are scattered over the Empire.

But opponents of this school of thought declare that, geographically, it was even more difficult to know where he was before the war, when he also had the use of four regal French homes, not to mention one in Monte Carlo, several in Spain, and, of course, his legendary yacht, Cutty Sark, supposedly the fastest afloat.

And there was never any trouble in keeping abreast of his romances in those days. His three marriages, his two divorces and a series of additional heart interests—which he once passed off with the classic phrase, "I like to have a lot of women all the time"—may have resulted in his exclusion from court but kept him almost constantly in the public eye.

The alternative, or non-geographical, explanation of his recent obscurity is best summed up in the words of a titled lady, who remarked a few days ago, "I've been so busy lately that I just haven't had time to think about dear Bend Or"— (Bend Or is the Duke's nickname, derived from his grandfather's Derby-winning horse; in view of his habits, some of his intimates think it might be spelled more accurately Bender.)

"And now," she went on, "for goodness sake, tell me all about it. Who is this girl? Where did he meet her? How old is she? Where are they now? What does his wife think about it?"

Well, to begin at the beginning, the Duke is a great hunter, not only of ladies but also of four-footed beasts. No doubt he inherited the aptitude from his first English ancestor, Hugh Lupus (Hugh, the Wolf), William the Conqueror's nephew and chief hunter, or "gros veneur." The name, Grosvenor, perpetuates his memory.

The present Duke's favorite hunting ground is a huge estate, bordering on Dieppe. There he used to keep 50 horses and 400 hounds. And there, between boar hunts, he met 25-year-old Betty Baudelot, the daughter of solid Dieppe burghers and no bore.

When war came, His Grace had to return to England to look after his and his country's interests. He left Betty in France reluctantly, but without any great fear that she might be exposed to danger.

Then suddenly the "phony" phase of hostilities ended; Hitler's horde came pouring through the Low Countries; the British Army was in full retreat. Most Englishmen didn't know which way to turn, but the Duke knew exactly. Without a second thought he boarded the Cutty Sark and, setting the pattern for the later commando raid on Dieppe, snatched Betty from the Nazi trap.

Excitement often makes a man change character; a prude might have taken the maiden without giving a thought to the proprieties. The Duke, who is no prude, paused long enough to pick up not only a chaperon for his protege but the chaperon's two children as well.

And ever since that memorable day, all have been residing in a hideout named "The Aviary," at Osterly Park.

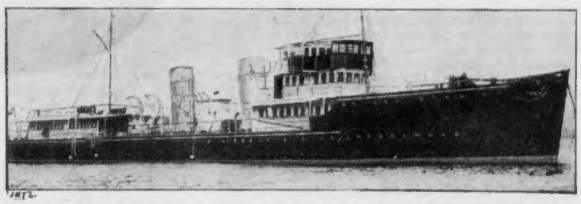
This was not the Cutty Sark's first appearance in Westminster's adventurous career. During the incumbency of his second wife, Violet, a dancing girl somehow wormed her way aboard. Happening to peer through a porthole into the cabin where His Grace was disporting himself with the stowaway, the Duchess, legend has it, got a champagne bottle thrown at her for her pains.

But Violet had her innings: later, she stumbled on the girl's clothes and scattered them all over the Mediterranean. Later still, the Duke tired of his new favorite and, when she refused to go ashore, had her evicted.

Violet was still chuckling over this denouement when practically the same thing happened to her. Coming home to the London house, where she and her husband were then in residence, she found he had had her belongings moved onto the sidewalk.

So she finally followed the example of her predecessor, the first Duchess, whom the choleric peer had also locked out, and got a divorce.

The Duke's third and current wife, the former Loelia Ponsonby, has been estranged from him since 1933.



INT'L

Westminster's Famous Yacht, the Cutty Sark, in Which He Rescued Betty Baudelot.

"Mind

It's Really Nothing But Old-Fashioned Hocus-Pocus in Modern Dress, Says Richard Himber, Who Explains How Easy—and Dangerous—It Is to Trick the Gullible Public With Phony "Second Sight"

Photos by Bruno of Hollywood

Beware of the "Mind Reader" Who Writes or Asks You to Write Your Thoughts on a Slate. It's Just Another Cover-up Useful in Crowded Places Like Night Clubs.

By RICHARD HIMBER
CHAPTER IV

OF THE entire mind reading fraternity, the usual night club mind reader, perhaps, is the most ingenious.

He works under the most difficult of conditions, for his audience is usually all around him. This necessitates even greater dexterity, so that "switches," "steals" and "palming" may be performed without detection.

A dinner jacket, or tuxedo, is the regulation uniform for the café mentalist. He would like to wear "soup and fish"—white tie and tails—but he can't.

Accessibility of pockets in the tuxedo is very important to his kind of "mind reading."

The first thing that happens when he is introduced is that the orchestra leaves the bandstand, which is directly behind him. This does away with any distracting influences. Besides, it keeps the boys in the band from learning too much about "mind reading."

He calls his tricks "Mental Experiments," "Telepathic Feats" or "Coincidental Predictions."

He impresses his audience with his intelligence and erudition. He talks briefly about the more literate aspects of telepathy, and will even touch upon the psychic research at Duke University and at other branches of learning.

Then he startles his audience by saying, "Tonight, I will go further in telepathy than even science has dared to go!"

He selects a fairly solid looking and elderly citizen for his experiment.

There is the usual banter about, "Have we ever met before, sir?" and then he goes to work.

"Here is an ordinary deck of playing cards. Examine them, please. Select one at random, from anywhere in the deck. Now, put it back—anywhere—here, you handle the cards so people won't think I'm playing tricks. Now that you have returned your card to the deck, shuffle it thoroughly. May I have the cards, please?"

The magician—I beg pardon, I meant to say mind reader—places his cards on his table.

"I am going to ask you to create a mental image," he says to his volunteer helper. "Your mind will create a picture which will be reflected in the mirror of my mind. The clarity and lucidity of that picture depend entirely upon the degree of concentration. Now, concentrate, please. I visualize a red card. It is a heart. Is that correct, sir?"

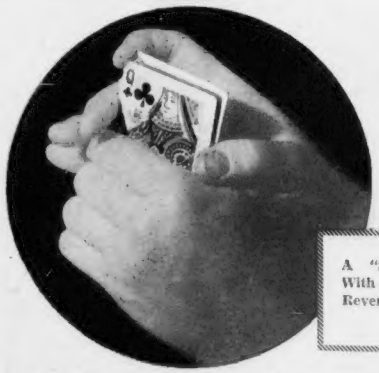
The man nods agreement.

"I am receiving a mental image of a picture card. Please concentrate just once more. Your card is—I'm getting it—the queen of hearts! Is that correct, sir?"

After the applause has subsided, the mentalist brings forth the deck of cards again and permits the audience to examine it, just to prove that it is a perfectly innocent deck.

It is about as "innocent" as a time bomb. These cards are "strippers" and can be purchased in almost any magic shop in the country.

Ever See a Mentalist "Read" Cards Through a Handkerchief?



A "Stripper" Deck, With the Selected Card Reversed, Makes It Easy.

Mickey MacDougal, the famed "card detective" and scourge of the professional card sharps, exposed the stripper deck in his American Weekly series of articles in 1943.

The sides of the cards are tapered, or "shaved." This is unnoticeable to the audience.

The man picked a card. The mentalist casually turned the deck around. Thus, when the man replaced the card in the deck, it was the only card with the wide or unshaved end on top. It is a simple move to bring that card to the bottom of the deck and to take a peek at it when shuffling.

His fingers must be lightning fast and his conversation suave and rapid. Once, I saw a night club mind reader get into trouble because his fingers had become slightly lax.

HE asked a lady to write her name, address and a question upon a slip of paper. Then he proceeded to burn the paper.

"That's wonderful," said the lady.

"But madame," replied the puzzled mind reader, "what's wonderful about it? I haven't read your mind as yet."

"I think it is wonderful that you could burn up the paper I gave you," was her reply, "and still have it sticking out of your pocket."

The careless mentalist, in palming the folded paper and substituting a blank for burning purposes, had done a very bad job of slipping the lady's paper into his pocket. Part of it showed.

Knowing that the lady was a skeptic, he used her in his next experiment. He showed a pair of slates. All four sides were empty and seemingly the same. One slate was handed to the lady, who wrote on it. Then the magician—oops! mind reader — passed his slate over hers, ostensibly to have her put her initials on his slate. In doing so he released a spring which rolled up the face of his slate and exposed a mirror that enabled him to see what she had written.

Then, through "thought transference," he wrote on his slate the same thing she had written.

For his big finish, he used the "stripper" deck again. The lady remained as his assistant.

First, he went into an elaborate palaver about "the blood stream is connected with the mind so that it subconsciously transfers thought." The lady took a card and he reversed the deck so that the wide edge of this single card stood out from

Reading Is the Bunk"

Richard Himber Finds Concealed Objects With His "Voodoo Envelope." But His Prediction Isn't Made Until He Knows Where the Object Is Hidden; Then, by Means of Thumb-Nail Writing on the Carbonized Paper, He Gives the Answer.

the shaved edges of all the rest of the deck.

Then he placed the cards on her wrist, over her pulse. He borrowed a handkerchief from a gentleman in the audience, covered the cards and asked the lady to "concentrate."

Of course, he could feel the edges of the card right through the handkerchief and he proceeded to extract it from the rest of the deck by "blood stream subconscious thought transference."

"Funny thing about people, Dick," he told me later, "when I did the same act but called it magic, I was lucky to get $200 a week and 20 weeks' work a year. Now that I call myself a mentalist, I ask for a thousand a week—and get it. I could work 52 weeks a year."

Isn't it a little amazing that not only do people love to be fooled, but the greater the deception, the greater the recompense for the deceiver.

Near-relation of the night club mentalist is the usual hotel mind reader. He is the itinerant worker who lacks ambition, to an extent, and who prefers to work an occasional "club date" rather than tie himself down to nightly endeavor.

He works with an assistant, usually a pretty girl and frequently his wife. She does most of the talking throughout the act, so she has to be presentable and well-rehearsed.

He poses as a seer and fortune teller in a modified way. He always adopts a name such as "The Great Ahmed" or "Rajah Rasputin." He wears white tie and tails, a turban (just a hint of the occult, you know) and a broad red ribbon across the front of his stiff shirt.

The feminine assistant, wearing a fetching costume, has distributed slips of paper on which people are asked to write the name of someone, an address, a question, and then "fold the paper carefully twice and initial it on the outside."

The young lady collects the slips. In her hand she carries a few unfolded blanks to pass out to people who want another paper.

While collecting, she executes what magicians call a "steal." At least 15 folded questions are expertly concealed in the blank sheets she carries.

SEEMINGLY as an afterthought, she notices a waiter hovering by. The customers don't know that he is part of the act. He's a regular waiter, all right, but a well-placed $5 bill has coaxed him to cooperate.

"Would you like to ask a question too?" the assistant asks the waiter, thereby demonstrating how democratic her mind reading boss is.

The waiter nods assent. She says, "Here—take these blank slips and put them in my dressing room. Take one of the slips and write out your own question."

Among the blanks, of course, are the 15 legitimate questions, which the waiter promptly takes to the waiting mind reader. On one slip of paper, the mind reader writes key words as to the questions—the names, addresses, the actual question and the initials on the outside. This he hands to the waiting waiter, who folds it once and brings it out to the assistant. Ostensibly, that is the question he is going to ask. She places it in the glass bowl where the other questions are reposing.

The Great Ahmed enters. It is so quiet that you could hear a mind drop.

The waiter's "question" is on top of the bowl. He stirs the questions, but is careful not to displace the slip of paper with the key words.

From then on, it is a simple matter for him to "read minds" by referring to his key slip each time he stirs the folded questions.

He usually answers the question by repeating the question in answer form. Thus, if a man asks, "Am I going to make a trip to Los Angeles next summer?" he tells him, in many more words, that he is going on a trip, by rail, and that it will be in the summer because no one on the train is wearing a coat.

Most of these "Great Ahmeds" are fundamentally honest. However, if one isn't, by the time he has answered the sixth or seventh question, his assistant is passing through the audience, placing neatly printed cards on the various tables.

One Trick Slate Used in Mind Reading Has a Hidden Mirror Which Reveals What You Have Written When the "Mind Reader" Holds His Slate Over Yours for Your Initials.

The cards read, "Are You Interested in Your Future? Would You Like to Know What the Future Has in Store for You? Arrange for a Private Reading."

The harvest can be—and frequently is—a rich one.

Here is another favorite with the usual hotel lad. He asks a committee of three to select an object and a hiding place while he is out of the room. Before leaving, he takes an envelope out of his pocket and says, "I am going to write a prediction on a slip of paper, which I will seal in this envelope. I place the envelope in this glass bowl, where it will be visible during my absence."

Upon his return, he picks up the envelope. "Before I open this," he says, "would you mind telling me the object and its hiding place?"

"It was a lady's ring," says the chairman, "and it was hidden in the pocket of the gentleman at the first table."

THE mind reader asks the committee to step forward. One cuts open the envelope. The mentalist removes the slip within.

"Here is my prediction," he says, "made before I left the room and before you selected the object and hiding place." Sure enough, there it is in a scrawly hand. It reads: "Lady's ring, Gentleman's pocket. First table."

This is accomplished through a fine job of "nail writing" and through a little "gimmick" called Voodoo Envelopes. He writes nothing before he returns, and the object is selected and hidden. Then, when he is told what the object is, he hastily scrawls it with his sharpened thumb nail. The inside of the envelope is carbon paper, the same as you use in making a typewritten copy of a letter. The carbon paper transfers the nail-written message to the slip of paper inside the envelope.

How do I know all this is so? I not only invented the Voodoo Envelope but I own a company manufacturing and selling them.

This might be called cutting off my nose to spite my magic. But as mind readers abuse my trick I prefer to discontinue its manufacture rather than permit this abuse to continue.

What Anton J. Carlson, Emeritus Professor of Physiology, University of Chicago, thinks about telepathy:

The great majority of reported instances of extra sensory or telepathic communications have been demonstrated to be trickery, fraud or misunderstanding.

No mechanism is known in man for extra sensory perception, and in no single instance has such perception been demonstrated beyond a doubt. In war, peace, business, or science, sane people universally rely on the senses for information of current and distant events.

We do not as a rule keep records of the almost innumerable times that dreams, hunches, hopes, or apprehensions fail to come through or to square with recorded events. Hence, when by the laws of chance such hunches or apprehensions appear to square even approximately with demonstrated events, that kind of evidence is accepted by some as proving the reality of telepathy.

WHY RISK YOUR TEETH'S DAZZLING BEAUTY

WHEN 1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK CAN SAVE IT!

Teel alone of all leading dentifrices protects your teeth from these ugly cavities

1 8 in 10 are risking cavities like these

See that cavity in the tooth above? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that *over half of all adults examined* had these cavities—and *more than 8 in 10 risked getting them*—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

BUT—extensive laboratory tests show this: **TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES...BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.**

2 WATCH HERE...for here's where trouble starts, at the gumline! 8 in 10 adults may risk injury at this point—may risk ugly cavities that require filling. That's a real threat to beauty, to your sparkling smile!

3 MILLIONS AVOID RISK by using TEEL, the new liquid dentifrice. It protects your teeth as no other leading dentifrice can—for it cleans *without abrasives*. You'll love the taste of TEEL, too—and the way it sweetens your breath.

4 THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE is yours—as soon as you start "The TEEL way"! Your teeth respond at once to this gentle care, look their brightest and loveliest, *quickly!* Just brush your teeth daily with TEEL—and one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Then you *know* your teeth are being cleaned and brightened safely! Get TEEL today at any drug, department or 5 and 10¢ store. Just follow the simple instructions on the package.

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY

One Extra Minute a Week!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Teel protects teeth—*Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

There's beauty in every drop!

Men? Phooey! Her Fortune Went to the Dogs

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Oil Portrait — Which She Later Slashed — of the Late, Eccentric Isabel D. McHie, Called "the Most Beautiful Woman in America."

Mrs. Susan Mulhall, Isabel's Mama, Giving Her Long-Lost Husband, John, a Piece of Her Mind While the Two Were Fighting Each Other, and the Dogs, for Isabel's Estate.

Annoyed by the Choir Boys' "Screeching," Isabel Annoyed the Choir Boys by Broadcasting From a Loudspeaker in Her Window.

By CHARLES ROBBINS

MOST of the estate of the late, eccentric Isabel D. McHie, once called the most beautiful woman in America, has just gone to the dogs.

The news should come as no shock to her shade, for she herself wanted it that way. After adopting as her own Mme. de Sevigny's famous sentiment, "The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs," she made The Seeing Eye, the foundation that provides canine guides for the blind, her chief beneficiary.

However, until a few weeks ago, when her $250,000 fortune was at last distributed, it looked as though she might never get her wish.

Seldom has an estate had so many self-appointed heirs. They swarmed to the attack soon after the will was filed in 1939, and for the last five years their legal clamor has almost drowned the dogs' hopeful barking.

First to be heard from was Isabel's mother, Mrs. Susan Mulhall. Discontented with the small portion actually left her, she sued for 50 per cent of the total, citing the New York law which holds that a person with relatives cannot leave more than half of his estate to charity.

Next came her husband and Isabel's father, John F. Mulhall, who had disappeared so long ago that his wife and daughter both had thought him dead. Indeed, the latter had declared him so in her will.

After establishing his identity, Mr. Mulhall sued for half of the half Mrs. Mulhall was suing for—much to the annoyance of Mrs. Mulhall.

Other contestants were less modest. A reputed nephew, Robert Owen Beatty, Northwestern University student, produced a will, which, if accredited, would have given him the lion's share of the estate, and would have left nothing for the dogs.

After this document was tossed out of court, another threat popped up in the person of Sidmon McHie, the husband from whom Isabel had long been separated. Sidmon sued for the works, asserting that years ago, while still compatible, he and his wife had made out wills in each other's favor.

It looked bad for The Seeing Eye when the Federal courts agreed with him, but the U. S. Supreme Court reversed the lower court's decision, and the dogs breathed easily again.

Meantime, new wills kept drifting in from various parts of the country. They all named Isabel's father chief heir, which was not strange since, as later shown, he had written them.

So it went until the other day, when Murray Baron, trustee and attorney for the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, Isabel's executor, signalized the cessation of hostilities by handing over to The Seeing Eye a check for $123,205.

Both Susan Mulhall and the will-writing John are dead and gone by now, she at the age of 91, he at 94. So they never collected a penny. Their estates, though, have been awarded $35,000 apiece.

Since these bequests total a mere $70,000, whereas the dogs got close to twice as much, the spirit of Isabel's intention has been preserved.

The post-mortem legal war formed a fitting climax to her career.

After being acclaimed America's premier beauty at the first Chicago World's Fair, she wed Sidmon McHie, then a millionaire broker. Fourteen years of marriage ended for them on the day Sidmon went off to play golf and, she charged, never came back.

"I feel as though the only thing that hasn't bitten me is a dog," she said at the time.

Dogs had begun to rise in her esteem while she was living across from fashionable St. Thomas' Church in New York. "The screeching" of the choir boys, she said, kept her awake, so, by way of retaliation, she installed a loudspeaker at her window and kept it going full blast.

When the neighbors made her stop, she announced that she was going to erect a memorial hospital for dogs, its facade to be adorned with Mme. de Sevigny's oft-quoted remark and a sculptured bust of herself.

That was as far as the memorial ever got, but the eccentricity, which had suggested it, continued to grow.

In a fit of self-disgust, she destroyed all her photographs and portraits, then, disgusted also with the United States, she went to Europe. On her return, she sued the Cunard Line for $100,000, alleging that she had been thrown into the brig of the liner Lancastria.

The shipping firm replied that she had been acting obstreperously on board the ship.

Another brush, with a hotel in Baltimore, landed her in a Maryland asylum, from which a friendly clergyman, convinced of her sanity, helped her escape.

When the New York courts agreed with him, she made out the will which benefited dogs and pronounced her father dead. The latter's resurrection, at 90, provided the most dramatic scene of the legal drama.

Though nearly blind, he not only came into court without the aid of a Seeing Eye dog but was able to identify his wife, whom he hadn't seen in 60 years and who couldn't or wouldn't identify him.

"Yeah," he said, peering into her haughty eyes, "that's Susie Robinson. That's the gal I married."

After producing witnesses and documents, yellowed with age, to prove his point, he offered to shake hands with Susan, but she recoiled, crying, "I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

The whole episode was so distasteful and disillusioning to her that it would not have been surprising if she had echoed her daughter's echo of Mme. de Sevigny and willed her money to the dogs, too.

From the Time They Were a Year Old (Above) Until They Had Grown Into Attractive Young Girls, the Sisters Were Trained to Think Independently and to Live Normal American Lives.

Quadruplets Don't Really Need Each Other

The Four Keys Sisters Have Proved by Four Marriages That They Are Not Interdependent, But, on the Contrary, Are Capable, Happy Individualists, Separated or Not

By JOHN K. WINKLER

OKLAHOMA'S famous Keys Quads have done it again. They have proved to scientific doubting Thomases that sisters born almost simultaneously, and who lived for more than 20 years as closely attached as the fingers of a hand, may adjust themselves successfully to permanent separation. They have proved also that each may marry and form her own independent family unit.

The achievement of these four wholesome young American women more or less upsets widely held theories on what may be expected to follow multiple births.

When Mona Married and Had a Baby, She Made Some Quick Adjustments to Her New Career, For She Had Never Been as Domestic as Her Sisters.

Mary, last of the Keys quadruplets to be married, became the bride of Sgt. Jack P. Anderson of Plano, Tex., on June 9. She wore the same wedding gown her sisters, Mona, Roberta and Leota, had worn and the three sisters were present in the First Baptist Church, Oklahoma City, where all four have been married.

Mona is now Mrs. Robert W. Fowler and the mother of a small daughter; Roberta is Mrs. Roland S. Torn and an expectant mother; Leota is the wife of Master Sgt. Robert T. Hall, U. S. A.

Thus far, the marriages of the Quads are splendidly successful, reflecting the common sense child training of a small town hardware dealer and his wife. From the moment of their birth on June 4, 1915, in Hollis, Okla., Flake Keys and his wife determined that so far as possible their quads would be given a chance to lead normal lives in a normal American home. The Keys already had four youngsters and were ill prepared to care for four additional little Keys.

But they rejected offers of easy money. They made one concession to public curiosity. They permitted the little girls to be exhibited yearly at the Oklahoma State Fair. However, after the ninth year, this engagement was canceled in the interest of the quads' schooling.

By this time each of the girls had developed along distinctive lines, with marked physical, temperamental and intellectual differences.

Leota alone retained the fair hair and complexion of babyhood. The others darkened into brunette types. Only Mona and Roberta, born 20 minutes apart, looked sufficiently alike to puzzle observers. Mary was shorter than her sisters.

Mona was the best scholar, Mary the best housekeeper. Leota grew fond of debating, while Roberta loved to roam the fields and climb trees.

Teen-age boy trouble never bothered them. In fact, the quads were scarcely conscious of the questing male until at 18 they matriculated at Baylor University, Waco, Tex. Then the boys sought them timidly at first. Some thought the quads would have to be dated as a group.

"Many of the boys who liked us seemed to think it would be shameful for us ever to separate," said Leota. "As a matter of fact, we had long before agreed that when and if the right men came along we'd marry and have homes and children."

At Baylor the girls prepared to become teachers. Before seeking posts as schoolmarms, however, they decided to tour for a year as the "Musical Keys Quads," to repay their parents partially for the financial sacrifices they had made. Each sang or played an instrument passably.

Eventually, the tour was made, but the returns were disappointing.

In college the quads were active in campus activities and were popular. Faculty and fellow students found them normal, fun-loving co-eds, with no trace of self-consciousness.

Before receiving their B. A. degrees in 1937, the sisters submitted to tests in the university's psychological laboratory.

The tests took in all the wrinkles of modern psychology. At the conclusion, Prof. Iva Cox Gardner rated them the best-adjusted members of their class. They had no "special fixations" and Dr. Gardner staked her scientific reputation upon a prophecy that they could safely be separated without dangerous emotional or nervous disturbance.

The psychologist admitted frankly, however, that marriage of one of the quads would precipitate a rigorous trial of her theory. The crucial test came when Mona, admittedly the comeliest of the sisters, met Robert Fowler, an accountant, soon after the Keys family, in 1938, moved from Hollis to Oklahoma City. They were married in June, 1940, before 100 relatives and friends.

Mona found it necessary to make several quick readjustments. For instance, clothing for the foursome always had been selected and bought by Mary and Leota. Practical Mary also was the family chauffeur. So Mona had to learn to cook and to handle money. She and Roberta never had carried a purse and often found it necessary to get small change from Mary or Leota.

Mona learned quickly and soon was mistress of a small but tasteful home in Oklahoma City. Her daughter Flora is now nearly three.

At Mona's wedding Roberta carried off the bridal bouquet and, quite significantly, she was the second of the quads to marry. While teaching at Canton, Tex., she fell in love with Roland Torn, who had majored in agriculture at Texas A. & M. They were married in 1941.

Roberta, also, had to learn to cook, to shop and handle household funds. She, too, succeeded. The Torns live happily in Los Angeles and are expecting a child.

Leota and Mary Keys found their mates in the U. S. armed services. When war began, the girls resigned teaching jobs and volunteered as army hostesses at Camp Hood, Tex. They met their husbands at camp socials. Leota married Master Sgt. Robert Hall, of Dothan, Ala., in October, 1943.

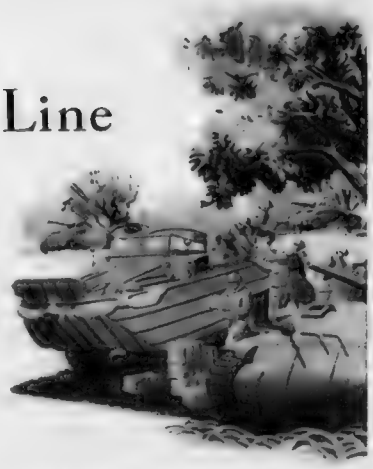
It's a bit ironic that Mary Keys should be the last of the quads to marry. For Mary is a natural homemaker, the only one of the four who from childhood loved to relieve her mother of housework.

Mary's husband, Sgt. Jack P. Anderson, once played professional football with the N. Y. Giants. Before entering the service he was with an oil company in Texas.

So, the Keys quads apparently have solved the separation question without difficulty.

Mary (in the Wedding Gown All Her Sisters Wore) Married Last, But If Her Sisters' Success Is Any Guide, She Will Make a Good Wife.

Out of the Fire Into the Firing Line



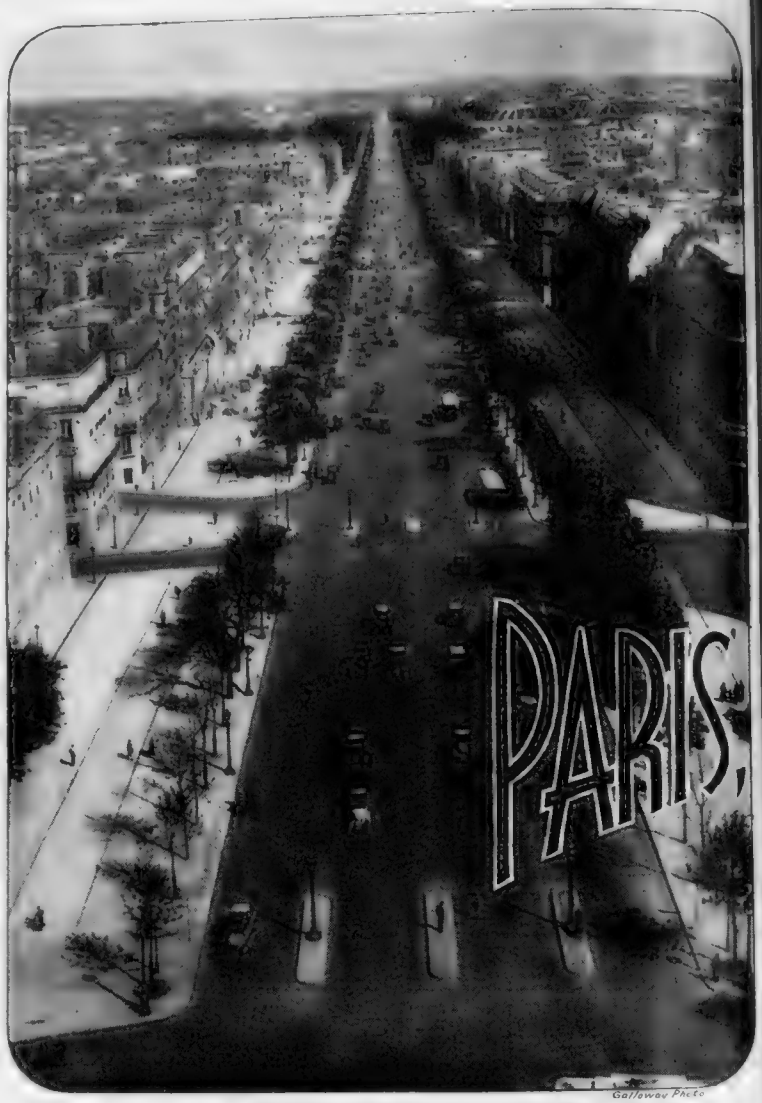
An LCT bringing ammunition to the British beachhead at Salerno was set afire by an exploding German shell. The ammunition was urgently needed on the battle line and the fire was spreading rapidly. A GMC "Duck" piloted by a Navy Seabee swam out to the LCT, salvaged five hundred rounds of 75 mm ammunition, made it back to shore, and rushed it inland to a corps of battling British tanks . . . The "Service Record" of the GMC "Duck" contains many such examples of distinguished service under fire. And Allied soldiers in Sicily, Italy and throughout the South Pacific have given high praise to its performance. One of the war's most unusual developments . . . a 2½-ton, six wheel truck mated with a 31-foot landing boat . . . it has performed some of the war's most unusual feats of land and water transport!

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS

Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches . . . Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian "Ducks"

Francois Villon, the Begger Poet and Thief, Whose Heroic Exploits Stirred the World.



Galloway Photo

The Champs Elysees, One of the Most Famous Streets in the World, Has Often Been Used as the Parade Ground of Armies Invading Paris.

By JOHN ERSKINE

CHAPTER II

JUST why Paris should be called gay, I never could understand. Inspiring and exhilarating it certainly is, beyond other cities, but its great moments have occurred in world crises. It has been a battlefield for strong ideas and quite as often for strong armies, and the mood of its people, after stormy centuries, is serious.

Odysseus, by the time he got home to Penelope, was known as the much-experienced man—and even then he had to do a little house-cleaning by shooting the gentlemen he found trying to make love to his wife. The citizens of Paris are much experienced.

They know they are, literally, in a difficult spot. England, long a sturdy empire, has therefore had enemies. Any continental power itching to get at England helps itself to a pathway through France, and England takes the same liberty when she wants to get at a continental power.

If the French hadn't developed a talent for protest and resistance, their country would have become long ago the great international doormat. On the other hand, if their neighbors hadn't tried to step on them, perhaps they would not have said and done so much to promote the rights of man.

A citizen of Paris usually believes that whatever happens in his town is noteworthy, and for that reason he is likely to keep a diary. Please observe, he writes not like other diarists about himself, but about the place he lives in.

I have before me the journal of a Parisian who sharpened his pen during the Hundred Years War, just before Columbus discovered us, almost at the moment when Joan of Arc was dying and Francois Villon was being born. The diarist forgot to tell who he was, but put in all else.

Paris then was small and strongly fortified. Most of the left bank and the right, as we now know them, were outside the walls, and the gates were carefully watched against declared enemies and other robbers, including wolves.

If the winter happened to be unusually severe, the watchmen occasionally risked hanging by leaving their posts for the comfort of fire and drink at the nearest tavern, and the wolves would slip in and prowl along the streets.

The diarist several times expresses regret that neighbors of his, forgetting how cold it was, went out after dark on what they ironically supposed was urgent business. The remains were always found next morning. He marveled how deftly the wolves could pick the choice parts off the bones.

He has much to say of the food supply and of high prices. The farmers couldn't work their fields, with big and little wars swaying this way and that all over the place, and even if the vegetables were picked and the wheat harvested, the soldiery would happen along and help themselves.

Of course they didn't eat all they stole, and no one punished them for stealing. Perhaps their operations were connived at.

The watchman whose carelessness let in the wolves would, of course, be hanged. The diary indicates that you could be hanged for less harmful neglect. The average hanging then was equivalent to a parking fine. You were hanged in public for the entertainment of your neighbors.

I have before me another Paris diary, written in the 16th century, during the reign of Francis I. The brilliant king spent some of his time in Paris but more of it in Touraine, in the district of beautiful chateaux. He encouraged art and science, provided work for architects, painters, sculptors — encouraged beautiful ladies also.

The citizens of Paris reserved judgment on him. He brought glory to their land, but scandal also, and the taxes were high. The diary reads as though it were the comment of a London Puritan, on the doings of Charles II and his court.

The Arc de Triomphe, Built by Napoleon, and the Goal of Every European Tyrant Since His Day.

THE father of Diane de Poitiers engaged in a conspiracy against Francis, was caught, tried, and sentenced to the block. Francis always arranged to have his chief beheadings done in Paris, not less to entertain the population than to awe them. The city and the crown were settling down to a long contest, not to say tug of war.

The diarist went to see the execution, but it was in his opinion a fizzle; at the last minute a horseman galloped up with a reprieve. The citizen of Paris could have looked on without much feeling while a courtier's head was falling; when it didn't fall he thought the king owed the town an explanation.

All this time the city had among its many jails a fortress prison, eventually known as the Bastille. Perhaps more aristocrats than common folk were shut up there, from one epoch to another, but the people of Paris hated it as a symbol of authority which was not theirs, and on July 14, 1789, they stormed across the drawbridge, killed the officers who resisted them, and released all the prisoners, on general principles.

Later the city used the stones of the Bastille to build the bridge across the Seine, from the Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies.

It was the spirit of the long-tried citizens of

Galloway Photo

Montmartre, Center of Paris' Bohemian Life, Is the Mecca of Art Students and Tourists. Here Are Some Fancy Dress Costumes Worn at a Latin Quarter Ball.

Prof. John Erskine's Historical and Romantic Close-up of the Alternately Gay and Suffering Prize of Armies, Where Meet the Crossroads of the World

CAPITAL OF PLEASURE AND MISERY

Paris which established the Revolutionary Tribunal and set up the guillotine. But the scarlet record of the Terror makes us neglect the great accomplishments of the Convention, stirred though it was by a sense of long injustice and a very human willingness to get even.

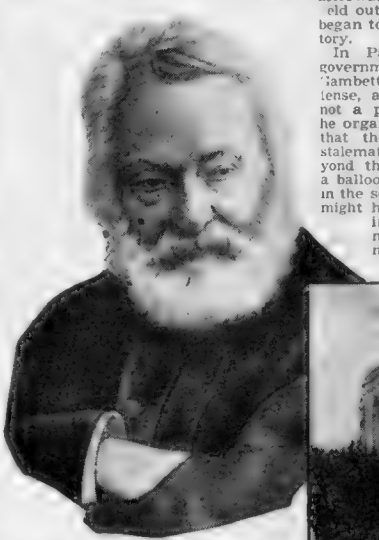
We should remember that those same bloody-minded Parisians, in the midst of their condemnations and executions, organized the National Conservatoire, so that children of talent might have instruction in music, in acting, and in dancing, at the public charge.

It was the same revolutionary group who passed a law establishing the Legion of Honor, membership in which was to be awarded to any citizen, male or female, who in any way advanced the welfare of the nation or made a contribution to civilization in general. Napoleon I converted the Legion of Honor into a reward for military prowess. The people of France, in their modern republican phase, restored to it the meaning of its founders.

For a complete picture of the people of Paris during the Revolution, for their permanent contribution as well as their extremes, we can go to no better source than Anatole France's "Des Dieux ont Soif," the gods are thirsty. Anatole France himself came from the people, and he has understood Paris better than he.

The citizens staged another revolution in the barricades and cobbled battles of 1848. The workmen were workmen, for the last time, rose against any government which permitted the lucky few to lose of fortune and property to exploit the poor.

First the police, then the army, were sent to restore order—in other words, to shoot the rioters unless they surrendered. The workmen didn't surrender; they were killed and it might have seemed that their cause was lost



Victor Hugo Recaptured Much of the Middle Ages of Paris in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Part of Which Takes Place in the Cathedral.

JUST before the shooting began, Victor Hugo, handsome young poet, famous throughout France and proud to have held a post in the royal government, advanced alone to the barricades and pleaded with the workmen not to start civil war. He was ever an eloquent man and now he was sincerely horrified at the slaughter which threatened.

Those behind the barricades might, on a more favorable occasion, have been impressed. Now one man called out "Monsieur Hugo, you are an excellent citizen, but you have never been hungry."

In five minutes the speaker was dead, and Victor Hugo for the rest of his days was anti-royalist, a champion of the people. The 1848 uprising inspired one moving episode in "Les Miserables."

Strange that most of us have not known, or have forgotten, the great part played by Paris in the war of 1870. We speak of Sedan as though the defeat and surrender of Napoleon III was the end of the struggle. But the siege of Paris came afterwards. Paris and Metz held out, and the Prussians began to be doubtful of victory.

In Paris a provisional government made Leon Gambetta Minister of Defense, and though he was not a professional soldier, he organized the people so that the siege became a stalemate. He then got beyond the German lines in a balloon, gathered armies in the south of France, and might have delivered Paris if Bazaine, commander of Metz, had not surrendered

How admirably the people of the afflicted city bore themselves deserves to be told often. They fought and starved without complaining, even with a conscious effort to continue as usual the activities by which they had won honor in time of peace. The schools and universities, for example, offered their courses, though the pupils were manning the guns in the city forts.

One incident still shines in the history of scholarship. Gaston Paris, the great medievalist, then a young man, had been appointed to a professorship in the College de France, and would have given his inaugural lecture if the war hadn't interrupted. But the brave city resolved that the college should open, and the lecture be given, even if there were only a handful present.

So Gaston Paris laid down his musket, went into town, and read his remarkable paper on the "Song of Roland," in which he announced his conviction, now generally accepted, that the national epic of France was in origin German.

He closed his lecture with a well remembered appeal to the highest kind of patriotism: He had told the truth about the poem, he said, even at that moment, because for the scientist and the scholar, Truth is a City of God, a universe in itself, above all boundaries. Then he went back to the trenches and took up his musket again.

After the war of 1879 came the terrible months of the Commune. The German conquerors let the French army go home, each man carrying his arms. This arrangement may have been kindly meant, but it had a terrible result.

Paris was filled with soldiers under no command, discouraged, discontented, irritable and armed. There were sincere liberals who wanted neither a monarchy nor a republic, but a direct government in the hands of the people. There were also irresponsible adventurers.

BEFORE their ideas were half organized, their emotions carried them away, as though they had another Bastille to tear down, and they established themselves on Montmartre and began a war on the civil authorities. To give themselves a strong advantage, they seized valued citizens as hostages—bishops, priests, leaders in the professions. Negotiations failed, fighting began, and the rebels shot their hostages.

After that there was no mercy on either side. The Commune was wiped out and a frightful number of radicals were executed. The wounds on both sides survive in the political animosities of France today.

The people of Paris were never greater than during the war of 1914-1918. All those who wanted to leave did so; those who remained, even when the Germans were near the city limits, were the great French.

The old women selling newspapers snapped their fingers and laughed. Food was scarce. Bread tickets were precious. There was no butter, no sugar, no milk, no eggs. But I never saw Paris so magnificent

Galloway Photo

IF HE WERE YOURS WHAT WOULD YOU DO ABOUT IT?

Well, well, well. So Your Man is a sip-and-run breakfast eater.

Just *who* does he think he is anyhow?

Doesn't he know he's gone all night without food—and his vitality's *low*?

That he'll be all in at 11, unless he stokes up now?

Stick out your chin and tell him that he—everybody—needs *at least one quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast.* Who says so? Doctors and dietitians—that's who!

Then tell him that Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods Program says *everyone* should get *whole-grain* nourishment *every* day.

And that's the kind he'll get from Post Toasties!

It's an "up-on-your-toes let's-go-get-'em" cereal! Every lip-smacking bite just pops with Vitamin B_1 for all-out energy!

Grab him, gal!

Sit him right down to a two-fisted bowlful of tonsty-crisp, honey-golden Post Toasties. Drown 'em in milk, crown 'em with fruit!

Man, oh man, he'll be eating out of your hand. *Especially* if it's filled with Post Toasties!

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

- **Government authorities say:** Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.
- **Doctors and dietitians say:** All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.
- **Nutritionists say:** An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.
- **We say:** All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40%. BRAN FLAKES

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

Post Toasties

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

The Great Toothache Experiment

96,000 Human Guinea Pigs in Three Towns in an Extraordinary Test to Determine the Effectiveness of Fluorine, Hoping Forever to End Dental Decay

Science Finds That Fluorine Combines With the Enamel (A) and the Dentine (B) to Make Teeth More Acid-Resistant So Cavities Like (D) Can't Eat Through to the Sensitive Pulp (C).

Some Laymen Suspect a Toothache Is Caused by Little Devils With Hammers.

By IRMIS JOHNSON

FOR the first time in history, men, women and children literally are giving their eyeteeth—and their collective incisors and molars—in the interest of science and a future day when nearly everyone will have uppers and lowers that last a lifetime.

Ninety-six thousand human guinea pigs in the cities of Newburgh and Kingston, N. Y.—and Brantford, Ont.—recently enlisted for a 10-year test that may eventually put an end to at least 90 per cent of all tooth decay.

From now on, two-thirds of these volunteers will drink only water to which the chemical element fluorine has been added. These are the citizens of Newburgh and Brantford. The people of Kingston, next door neighbors of the Newburghers, have promised not to taste such a concoction for the duration of the experiment.

Kingstonians will be the controls by which science will prove whether or not the added fluorine does any good.

How and why fluorine keeps teeth from decaying has been under investigation in laboratories, by use of rats and an occasional unattached human tooth, for several years. These experiments started when it was discovered that the dark-mottled teeth of people who live in places where drinking water contains great amounts of this gaseous chemical also are unusually healthy teeth.

Two ways were found in which fluorine acts to prevent tooth decay. One is that it retards the formation of certain harmful acids in the mouth. The other that it makes teeth much less soluble in acids that do exist.

But while experts probed and pondered, it wasn't until about three years ago that the average non-scientific person also woke to the possibility of some distant future without dental plates or multiple fillings.

Deaf Smith County, in Texas, was the prophetic harbinger of sound teeth for all mankind.

It popped into the news as one place in the U. S. A. where hundreds of persons never had winced in a dentist's chair. There was no reason why they should, because their teeth were perfect. Among the 810 school children examined things weren't quite so good but the average of only one decayed, missing or filled tooth per child was found. In ordinary localities this would have been anywhere from 5 to 10.

Digging around for an explanation of this apparent dental Utopia, where even a 16-year-old dog still had good teeth, experts checked the drinking water. They found 2.5 parts of fluorine to 1,000,000 parts of water. That's five or six times as much as many other communities have.

Frederic Lewes Photo.

Even With a Perfect Decay-Preventer You'll Still Protect Your Smile With a Toothbrush.

The investigators went further than this, however, testing meat, milk, wheat and vegetables. In these they found astonishingly high contents of phosphorus and calcium.

Conclusions were reached that fluorine in the water, plus high mineral content of foods, was responsible for the remarkable condition of teeth in Deaf Smith County, where newcomers who had lived there for a residence in the area that span of those reared themselves.

This led to one theory that perhaps Nature intended that people should drink their dental fillings instead of getting them in the orthodox way.

Better yet, comparative examinations of teeth in 21 cities, some of which had natural fluorine in the water, others where the water was free of this mineral, convinced many dental experts that a real decay preventive had been found.

But it was only this year that health departments of New York State and Ontario decided to carry out the first controlled experiment where one part per million of fluorine is being added to drinking water of two of the three guinea-pig communities. This is not enough to create a danger of mottled teeth.

The ten-year test should prove or disprove some points about which dentists are arguing. Chief among these seems to be the possible effect of fluorine on the developing teeth of children from one year of age to eight years.

Some experts believe that while teeth still are growing in the gums fluorine taken into the system causes them to come through better prepared to ward off dental decay.

Others argue that already cut teeth have erupted that fluorine affects them, explaining that it is not because a person swallows the preventive substance that his teeth improve. Instead it is believed that during the brief time fluorine-bearing water is in the mouth phosphates already present in teeth attract fluorine and literally draw it out of the water into the enamel of the teeth.

This, according to Dr. Basil G. Bibby of Boston, explains why the incisors—or front biting teeth—of people who drink water with required amounts of fluorine are 90 to 95 per cent free of decay, while the molars which come in less contact with a drink don't get nearly so much protection. Best results from such water for whole mouths are about 50 per cent less decay than normal.

Johnny Gets Extra Protection for His Front Teeth by Drinking Fluorinated Water. But Getting the Same Results for Molars May Require "Armor-Plating."

One thing that might be tried in the new experiments would be training participants to swish their drink of water around their back teeth long enough for them to bring about the important reaction with fluorine—then swallow. Such a procedure might not be particularly esthetic, but forgivable in the interests of science.

Dr. Bibby suggests that while adding fluorine to water is a step in the right direction it still may be necessary for the nation's dentists to do a little well-calculated tooth-swabbing to help out. He is one of the originators of a successful way of "armor-plating" teeth against disease.

This involves a visit to the dentist three times a year, but all he does is coat each tooth with a solution of sodium salt of fluorine. So far this hasn't offered 100 per cent anti-decay defense, but the Boston doctor hopes for improvements in the technique which will show better results.

There are those who may argue that a drink of prevention is simpler than three visits to the dentist—if it can be made as effective. But even that won't do away with the good old toothbrush which, merely for the sake of a beautiful smile, always will be essential equipment of a human.

HOMESTEADS HELL AND HISTORY

A Famous Old Pioneer's Saga of How the Boomer Horde Plowed the Way for Law and Living in the Great Southwest Wilderness—the Hard Way

By COL. H. EDWIN MOOTZ
Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor, Indian Scout and Deputy U. S. Marshal

CHAPTER V

THE old-time western gun-fighters had a code and most outlaws lived up to it. They wouldn't shoot a man in the back.

That unwritten rule of the land of the six-shooter saved Marshal Bill Tilghman's life.

I have told you how Tilghman and his manhunters took up the trail of Doolin's Wild Bunch after the Battle of Ingalls.

Bill was out on the scout one January day with Steve Burke, an old stage-driver, and an Indian guide, Bearclaw, when a Norther set in.

The marshals were traveling in a prairie wagon with two saddle horses tied to the end gate when the storm struck. The only shelter for miles around was the Rock Fort Ranch.

Bearclaw kept the team on the trail, and a couple hours of sludging through the icy gale brought the shivering group to the ranch dugout.

"Steve, you an' Bearclaw stay here with th' outfit," Tilghman said, "while I do a little scoutin'."

Bill trudged on and stepped inside the dugout.

A log blazing in a fireplace in the far end of the dugout gave the only light. At last he made out Osage Dunn, a rancher, sitting by the fire place with a rifle across his knees. On each side of the room were tiers of bunks with hanging canvas coverings.

"Yuh're Bill Tilghman, ain't yuh?" the rancher asked in a surly tone. "If yuh're lookin' for information yuh won't get any here."

"Well, I was, sort of," said Bill, heading to the fire, "but right now I'd like to get warmed and maybe bunk up. Looks like you got room."

"Not for your kind," the rancher muttered.

Bill was standing with his hands spread out behind him toward the fire when he heard a slight stir and suddenly spotted something he'd missed.

Sticking out of the curtained bunks were the muzzles of a dozen rifles and six-shooters.

"Well," he said in a matter of fact tone, "if we can't bunk up here I reckon we'd better be jogging along before night catches us."

Bill walked slowly toward the door, between the two rows of pointed guns. He told me later he expected a blast to rip him at every step.

Once outside he hurried to his companions.

"Lay on th' whip an' get out o' here," he yelled at Bearclaw. "That place is bulgin' with outlaws. It'll take more than we've got to smoke 'em out. I'm sure Bill Doolin was there."

He was right. Bill Doolin was there, and what happened after the door closed on the nervy marshal is a tale the old-timers still like to tell. We heard about it later.

As soon as Bill stepped out into the blizzard that afternoon Red Buck Weightman leaped down from his bunk and headed for the door.

"I'm gonna kill that ——," he swore.

"Drop that rifle!" Doolin shouted, movin' on Red Buck, a hand on his six-shooter. Red Buck swung the rifle to his shoulder and just then Little Bill, another desperado, pulled him back.

"Yuh'll never git a better chance to put that —— outa th' way," yelled Red Buck.

"Yes, an' yuh shoot Tilghman an' every marshal in th' Territory will be on our trail."

Doolin, Little Bill, Charlie Pierce and Dynamite Dick hauled Red Buck away from the door.

"Yaller backs, all o' yuh," he roared, "let me loose an' I'll ride him down, single-handed."

"You'll quit my bunch if you do," said Doolin.

"Bill Tilghman's too square an hombre to git shot in th' back by anybody that rides with me. I won't stand for it."

Bill Doolin, kingpin of the badmen, sure saved Bill Tilghman's life that day.

The Wild Bunch didn't lose any time quitting Rock Fort Ranch and striking out. They were hidden by the time Nix and Tilghman got back to the dugout with a posse.

Knowing the manhunt was getting hot, the Wild Bunch scattered again. Doolin made a secret visit to his wife, Edith, to see their new baby.

Bitter Creek Newcomb took time out to ride up to Jim Davis' squatter cabin to spend a little time with his sweetheart, The Rose of The Cimarron.

Later he met Charlie Pierce and the two rejoined up near a ranch corral along The Cimarron. They had just swung out of the saddle when a voice shouted: "Throw up your hands!"

The voice was Bill Tilghman's. He and Heck Thomas had been in the ranch house three days.

Pierce and Bitter Creek tried to shoot their way out, but it was their last fight.

THE word reached The Rose of The Cimarron in the prairie underground. She was pretty badly hunted up, but swore to stick by the rest of the Wild Bunch until the last one was dead.

Soon after the killing of Pierce and Bitter Creek Bill Tilghman shot it out with Little Bill, the smallest member of the Doolin gang. The outlaw was crippled for life and died soon afterward.

Red Buck, the desperado who wanted to shoot Bill Tilghman in the back, was tracked to a dugout. He came out shooting and died in his tracks.

If the bad men of that wild borderland had kept their word and stayed out of their lives most of them would have lived a lot longer.

Bill Dalton, the last of the Daltons, was killed when marshals trailed his wife to his hiding place.

Bill Doolin's devotion to his wife, Edith, led to his undoing.

I was with Bill Tilghman in Guthrie one day when the manhunt was the hottest. "How's the chase gone?" I asked him, being, of course, curious.

"Fine!" Bill answered, "I've found a sitting duck our old friend Doolin. You know Edith an' the baby pulled out o' their old haunts around Lawton. For a long time we couldn't locate her. An' she's th' one tie that was bound to lead us to Doolin."

"How did you find 'em?"

"A long time ago Edith left a ring with Mary Pierce, who runs the Ingalls hotel where Doolin's bunch and The Rose of The Cimarron outshot us that day. It was a ring Bill had given Edith before they were married. Last week a letter came to Mary from Edith. One of my men got it. She asked Mary to send her that ring. She said she and Bill an' the baby were headin' West.

"I just got a wire that said th' hen's on th' nest at Eureka Springs. I'm leavin' tonight."

The next day Bill Tilghman checked in at the Eureka Springs Hotel. He had decked himself out like a city dandy in an Easter parade. The only thing he hadn't shed was his six-shooter.

He strolled around till he found his man. Doolin was sitting in a corner of the lounge. Bill noticed his gun, and without a shot fired.

As Bill took his prisoner to his room and helped Jack his things he saw a silver mug.

"I got that for my baby," Doolin said. "He's a dandy boy. Yuh won't believe me, but I was goin' straight from now on. Edith an' the little feller an' me were pullin' stakes an' makin' a fresh start soon as I left here. Reckon that's all off now."

"Yes, I'm afraid so. You'll be lucky if they don't hang you, but I'll promise you one thing. I'll promise that your little boy gets his silver mug."

Doolin was a sick man when he landed in jail. Visitors came to see him, talked quietly, then left.

One night a couple of weeks after his arrest the outlaw began acting like he was on his last legs. He called Jack Ramey, the night jailer. Ramey came running and found him hanging onto the bars, gasping for breath.

"Jack — Jack —" he called. "I'm—dyin'. Come closer. Somethin' I want to tell yuh—'fore I die."

The desperado had let word get around that he had a lot of treasure buried somewhere. Ramey sidled to the cell.

As the jailer put his head close to the door, Doolin slipped a hand through the bars and grabbed Ramey's six shooter.

"Thanks, Jack, I'm feelin' much better. Look," he joked, "now unlock that door."

Helpless, the jailer turned the lock. Doolin jumped into the corridor and ran for the exit. A shout brought the jail guard. A bullet creased Doolin's shoulder. He whipped out a shot from the stolen six-shooter. The guard fell.

Outside The Rose of The Cimarron was waiting with two fleet horses. Doolin's mysterious visitors had carried word she would be there. The pair galloped away before a posse could give chase.

IT WASN'T long after Doolin's escape from jail before he slipped into hiding with his wife. The old Indian scout, Bearclaw, was put on the trail.

One night his keen eyes saw a prairie schooner draw up near the home of Edith's father at Lawton.

A few hours later Tilghman and Heck Thomas with a posse of deputies were slipping up through the dark around the Ellsworth home.

They watched Doolin and his wife make several trips out of the house with bundles that they piled into the wagon. Finally, they came out ready to go. Doolin was carrying his baby.

Edith turned and kissed her parents good-by.

"May th' Lord guide you to safety and a better life," Edith's father said.

Doolin helped his wife into the prairie schooner.

Just before the outfit moved, Heck Thomas crawled over to where Tilghman had been listening.

"What's th' plan?" he asked.

"This is a hard job, Heck. I can't shoot that man with a baby in his arms," Tilghman whispered.

"There's only one road out," Thomas said. "I'll ride down a piece and wait by the roadside."

It was only a few minutes before he made out the figure of Doolin leading his horse. When Doolin was 50 feet away, Thomas stepped into the road.

"Throw up your hands, Doolin. We got you cornered," Thomas ordered.

The outlaw was carrying his rifle in the crook of his arm. He jerked it to his shoulder and fired.

Thomas shot back and Doolin fell. A scream came from the prairie schooner. Edith Doolin jumped to the ground and ran to her husband's side.

"This one got me, honey," he gasped. "I'm done for. Take care o' the boy. Don't let 'im follow my trail."

The outlaw chieftain was dead, but there were still more to catch. The Rose of The Cimarron, Cattle Annie and Little Britches still had a big account to square with the law.

Next week Col. Mootz will tell how the rest of The Wild Bunch was caught and Oklahoma was rid of outlaws.

"'This One Got Me, Honey,' Bill Doolin Gasped. 'I'm Done For. Take Care o' the Boy. Don't Let 'Im Follow My Trail.' The Outlaw Chieftain Slumped Forward, Dead. His Decision to Reform Had Come One Bullet Too Late."

Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas, Who Ended Bill Doolin's Career.

Contemporary Artist's On-the-Spot Sketch of the First Wave of Settlers Dashing From the Train to Stake Out Homesites at Guthrie, Okla.

A Few Days After 25,000 Boomers Pitched Their Tents on the Guthrie Townsite. Somehow These Hardy Pioneers Managed to Survive Without Sewers, Water, Proper Food and Heat.

Oklahoma City's First Wholesale Grocery Store Did a Land Office Business Under This Old Army Tent.

A Mother and Daughter of the "Fish-Skin Tartar" Tribe Pound Salmon Skin Into Leather to Make Hats or Cooking Pots.

Will War Finally Move In and Wipe Out the "Fish-Skin Tartars," Last Remnants of the Fightingest Tribe of Mongol Warriors, Now Fading Peaceably in Their Primitive Homes on the Frozen Siberian Steppes?

The Vanishing "Golden Horde"

A FEW puttering "Fish-Skin Tartars" are all that's left of what once was the most [illegible] hordes ever known.

[illegible] last remnants of the [illegible] not ruled all Russia and [illegible] of the great Golden Khan are now [illegible] steppes of Siberia along the Lena River [illegible] the explorer finds [illegible] still have a proud [illegible]

Meanwhile, the great "Golden Horde" [illegible] almost at the hands of little [illegible] are on them, [illegible] say, the clutches of the [illegible] civilization will have swallowed.

As simple hunters and fishers, the decaying descendants of [illegible] are content [illegible] and [illegible] to live as their few people would want to [illegible] and their [illegible] name, not from a study of [illegible] but by virtue of their [illegible] occupation, which is [illegible] and [illegible] fish [illegible] leather.

The "skilled" labor is [illegible] Women and children beat [illegible] skins into softness with [illegible] wooden hammers. Then the small bits of leather are sewn together to make pieces large enough for dresses, boots, coats and even windows and household utensils.

Clothes are elaborately decorated with fine embroidery and fox fur.

Fish provide the chief item of diet as well as dress, except in the winter when the menfolk go out bear hunting on the thin ice.

Most important man in the tribe is the Shaman, or medicine man. He's religious leader and doctor. Chanting ceremonial rites around the campfire while yellow-faced believers look on, he dances to a jingle of bells, tinkling on his fur hat. Like all medicine men, he tries to cure ills, but when his healing magic fails to work he obligingly acts as special guide for souls of the dead on their way to "Buni," which is the natives' term for the spirit world.

If war doesn't wipe these people out they'll probably make their unobtrusive exits, one by one, with this Shaman escort—and the world won't even know when it loses the last of the Golden Horde.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS PHOTOS

The Modern "Golden Horde" Girl Wears Nose Ring and Earrings Handed Down by Warrior Ancestors, But the Rest of Her Garb Is Her Own Handiwork.

The Tribal Shaman Treats the Sick and Guides Souls of Those He Couldn't Cure to "Buni."

Primitive Storehouses Built High on Stilts Keep Rats and Marauding Wild Beasts from Carrying Off Their Collections of Dried Food and Precious Furs.

Bear Hunting Is the Most Warlike Job of This Descendant of the Fighting Mongols.

Why Gene Tierney wears Woodbury Sun Peach

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✓ stays color-true, fresh

✓ adds velvet smoothness

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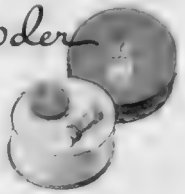

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ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

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starring in
"LAURA"
A forthcoming Twentieth Century-Fox picture

WANT TO BE LOVELIER, LOVABLE? ...FOLLOW THE STARS!

"this One Complete Cream is all I need!"

... says Deanna Durbin

Deanna Durbin
co-starring with
Gene Kelly in
"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY"
A Universal picture

Constant war work and picture-making never dim her fresh-as-dawn loveliness. Deanna Durbin explains, "I've discovered Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does *everything* for skin beauty . . . *takes just seconds.*"

It's all *you* need: *Cleanses, perfect for bedtime, daytime clean-ups. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps coax away tiny dry-skin lines.* And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs. Jars 10¢ to $1.25.

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Now that SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

Look, fellows! Starting tomorrow morning your Schick Injector Razor will be waiting by the pump - all ready to go to work for you! The reason is—Schick Blades are back again in force. So make sure you get those blades today—and tomorrow all will be smooth-shaving!

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. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . last long . . . between as twice as long as ordinary blades. Keen as razor edge as paper-thin ones. No time taken and hand honed edge. Oil tempered in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

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Sparkling Nuisances

The Woman Was Frightened—and Fascinated—When She Woke to Find Her Pillow Crawling With Gleaming Golden Bugs.

MRS. BERTHA FLEMING of Manchester, England, awoke with a start . . . to find [illegible] with hundreds of tiny golden insects.

Leaping out of bed she [illegible] in her own words, "Then the [illegible] cloth of gold."

In the kitchen, chairs, tables and food were a [illegible] of the little creatures.

By the time inspectors from the city's health department had arrived, Mrs. Fleming's house was covered, inside and out.

The inspectors, too, were baffled. Equally mysterious was the fact that Mrs. Fleming's domicile was the only one in the whole town that was affected.

As the creatures could not fly, the police, under the direction of the health inspectors, ringed the residence with powdered insecticide. Then using spray pumps and brooms they advanced on the invaders.

Meanwhile, some of the pests had been sent to the Department of Entomology at Manchester University for examination. There the scientists were baffled until one expert, a specialist on bugs of the Far East, ventured an opinion.

"[illegible] things look exactly like the golden spider beetle from Asia," he said, "but what would cause them to suddenly pop up in Manchester is a mystery."

The scientists learned that the beetles thrive on rice bran.

"Yes," Mrs. Fleming told the scientists, "I recently bought a box of rice."

The university experts, health department officials and the police all hurried to a Ministry of Food store that Mrs. Fleming had recently patronized.

In the store's backroom, the investigators were greeted by golden walls. The rapidly-multiplying beetles had opened a second front. The storekeeper was flabbergasted. There had been no sign of them the night before.

A government order was immediately issued for the destruction of the rice, and Mrs. Fleming's house and the store were fumigated. And Manchester's strange invasion was at an end.

Grandpa Rides Again

VETERAN British racing fans rubbed their eyes in amazement the other day when London sporting pages carried the headline: "Sam Heapy to Ride Again."

But it was true. Sam Heapy, Britain's most famous jockey, had announced a comeback at 62.

Over 40 years ago, Sam was known on tracks all over the world. During his career, he rode 3,200 winners—more than any other jockey.

But old age creeps up on the best of 'em, and Heapy, years ago, became a trainer. The acute shortage of jockeys in wartime Britain led to his comeback.

His license to ride has been re-issued, and several owners, confident of his skill, have hired him.

Anything filled with hay is soft—except a horse. And jockeying is one of the toughest of sports. But the old man is out to refute the saying that racing is a young man's game.

"Certainly Looks Different, Doesn't It?"

GOOD-BYE HARSH LAXATIVES!

LEMON AND WATER IS GOOD FOR YOU!

Juice of 1 lemon + in glass of water + first thing on arising

LEMON AND WATER has a natural regulatory effect for most people. And it's healthful.

If you are troubled with sluggishness, and want to avoid constipation *without* resorting to harsh laxatives, try this health drink yourself—lemon and water, *first thing on arising.*

8 million now take this health drink. National surveys show that over eight million now take lemon juice and water for its regulatory effect or as a general health aid. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, and they supply valuable amounts of vitamin B1 and P. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

If your system needs a regulator, try this morning health drink for 10 days. The juice of one lemon in a glass of water, *first thing on arising!* It's good for you!

P.S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER ...first thing on arising

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Sani-Flush does not harm septic tanks or hinder their action. The facts are in a scientific report by eminent engineers. Send for this Report if you have a septic tank. Then, without worry, use Sani-Flush to clean your toilet bowl regularly. It cleans without scrubbing or scouring—removes a cause of toilet odors. (Full directions on can.) Write today to The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. N-4, Canton 2, O., saying "Please send Septic Tank Report."

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Now it's easy to KEEP MOSQUITOES FROM BITING

Mosquitoes just don't like Jitter Bug. That's why they steer away from the man, woman or child who rubs a few drops of Jitter Bug on ankles, legs, wrists, arms, face and forehead before going outside. It repels Chiggers, Ticks and Sand Fleas and Sand Flies. Costs only 35c at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. If you want real protection this summer, be sure you get genuine

JITTER BUG

Patterns of smart fashions to sew appear in every issue of The American Weekly.

Rennie—The Paratrooping Fox

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Daisy, the Fox's Foster Mother, Is a Veteran Parapooch. She Showed the Bushy-tailed Youngster How to Hit the Silk.

The Hound Took One Look at Rennie—and Lost All Interest in Him.

Rennie Smiles for the Camera in the Hands of the Sergeant Who Found Him.

Photo by U.S. Army Signal Corps

AN AGED fox-hound was lying before a Georgia plantation cabin. Suddenly he raised his head and sniffed. He smelt a fox.

He was off in a flash. Presently, he ran back the way he'd come and dived under the cabin floor.

And no wonder, for the bushy-tailed animal that had attracted his attention was drifting nonchalantly to earth attached to an army parachute.

It was a real Reynard, too, probably the only one in the world to qualify as a paratrooper.

Entered on Army records as Rennie, the parafox is attached to a unit of dog chute jumpers, or "parapooches," in training at Fort Benning, Georgia.

The dogs are taught to float to earth with paratroopers, after which they act as scouts, messengers and searchers for wounded.

Rennie had the same training, and performs the same duty. When found in the woods near the fort by Sergeant Stanley Grodzicki, of Nanticoke, Pa., he was a tiny pup. The sergeant carried him back to camp and turned him over to a famous parapooch, Daisy, a black-spotted spitz and veteran jumper, who was nursing a litter of pups. She adopted the little fox into the family.

When Rennie was a few months old, the soldiers took him aloft with Daisy. When the spatz leaped from the plane and floated down, he whimpered with alarm.

Then the youngster made three jumps himself in a jumpmaster's pocket and seemed to enjoy the experience. Finally a harness and a chute were made for him.

Since then Rennie has made many other free jumps.

SWEETHEART'S

the Only Soap for Me!

With so many clean-ups, I need an extra pure, mild soap!

War-workers are discovering the priceless value of SweetHeart Soap's purity and mildness. With countless clean-ups every day—harsh soaps may give your complexion a dry, rough look. Grime and grease wash off quickly and easily with SweetHeart Soap . . . yet it's so pure, so mild, it helps your skin look soft and smooth. SweetHeart's creamy lather is rich and abundant—so velvet-soft and gentle, it agrees with even sensitive skins. You'll love its fragrance, too—delicate and flower-fresh.

Whether you work in a war-plant, an office, or at home . . . SweetHeart is the soap for *you*. Get pure, mild SweetHeart Soap, in the dainty oval cake that dries fast . . . helps avoid messy, wasteful soap-dish "jelly".

The soap that agrees with your skin

Don't miss the fun!
TUNE IN
SCRAMBY AMBY
WEDNESDAY NITE
See your newspaper for time and station

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP

The Clue of the Talking Dog

Backed Against a Tree — Alone and Defenseless There in the Wisconsin Woods — None of "Shep's" Tricks Could Save His Master . . .

. . . But 10 Years Later His Surprise Courtroom Testimony Revenged Him.

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

THE fable of a talking dog appearing from time to time in tall stories and sometimes fooling gullible persons in practical jokes is as old as American humor.

But old inhabitants of Hurley, Wis., will take a lot of pride, any day, in telling you about an honest-to-goodness "talking dog" that once lived in their community—an accomplished collie everyone knew as Shep.

Shep, and his owner, Henry Tarrish, were leading citizens of Hurley, and they were loved by everyone.

Crippled by a timbering accident, Tarrish lived alone in a neat white cottage on the edge of town. Any time someone wished to see Shep do his tricks, Tarrish was obliging. Shep could get up on his hind legs, do a trot and would dance to music.

By barking, the dog could count up to ten and answer all sorts of questions. But nobody ever thought the day would come when he'd be called upon in court to reply in his own fashion to a grim question only he himself could rightly answer.

Tarrish had been offered big money for Shep. But he said he wouldn't sell him for a million. His refusal started the rumor that Tarrish had plenty of money, perhaps a neat hoard of savings or a gold cache under his cottage hearth.

Then — it was just about 46 years ago, the inseparable master and dog disappeared. The villagers wondered. They stopped at the cottage and found it locked. It really was something for considerable discussion in a village where few unusual things happened. Some thought that perhaps Tarrish had upped and left for the Klondike.

But when a month passed and neither man nor dog returned, the neighbors became worried. Getting permission from Sheriff Grimes, some of them broke into the cottage. They found nothing disturbed, but food had rotted in the pantry, and Shep's meat, mouldy in its tin, indicated that Tarrish hadn't expected to be away for long.

It was 1898, the year of the Spanish-American war. The nation was excited over Cuba and San Juan Hill, but the big news in Hurley was the disappearance of Henry Tarrish and his talking dog.

Posses and an extensive search found no trace of either. Months passed, then years.

Then, one evening in November, 1906, two hunters were startled at the sight of a human skeleton. The bones, half hidden by foliage, gleamed before their frightened eyes.

There were fragments of clothing.

The hunters pushed aside the underbrush. There at the foot of the skeleton was a crumbly, misshapen leather boot. A shinbone crooked from a badly set fracture. Two bullets in the skull.

From the dental work and the broken shinbone the police identified the skeleton as that of Henry Tarrish. He had been murdered. But what had become of Shep?

The Michigan-border police scoured the countryside to locate the vanished collie. But they had no luck.

The people were angered. What sort of cur would shoot down a defenseless and crippled man? Had he been murdered for his supposed riches? Or was someone, knowing Shep's tricks, after the famous dog?

Incensed citizens of Hurley and many living in the neigboring town of Ironwood, Mich., collected enough money to send a delegation to Chicago and hire the widely famous private detective, Lewis A. Potter.

Potter set out to trail the dog. He was sure if the dog were found, the murder would be solved.

He assumed that the dog had been stolen by the murderer. With his accomplishments, Shep was a valuable animal. So Potter advertised in trade journals and theatrical publications, offering a reward for information on a collie of Shep's talents.

He interviewed hundreds of Scotch collie owners, visited kennels, talked with breeders and attended dog shows. He wrote to veterinarians, dog fanciers and animal trainers. It led him to many talented collies, but not to the missing Shep.

Trained dog acts were popular at that time, and descriptions of dozens of talented collies were reported to Potter's office. In each case, however, legal ownership was proven by the holders of the dogs.

As weeks went by and his publicity campaign remained without practical results, Potter became discouraged. He had heard of many dogs, but never the one he sought.

Perhaps, he thought, the murderer or murderers of Tarrish had feared to keep the dog. Maybe, in their fear, they had put the animal to death.

Then, in September, 1907, he received a letter from a northern Wisconsin village, saying that a wonderfully trained collie had been seen with a medicine show there. The intelligence of the animal had been so marked that it was the talk of the neighborhood.

The dog answered Shep's description. Potter raced to the town, but the show was gone. He trailed the show from town to town—and lost it.

Shep, the Collie, Could Dance to Music, Count Up to Ten And Answer Questions Correctly, Including This One: "Who Killed Your Master?"

Months passed. Then a break came out of the blue. Called to Milwaukee on another case, Potter saw a large crowd. A medicine man was presenting the main attraction of the show: the dancing dog Antigo.

Astonished, Potter saw a beautiful, yellow collie prancing upright before a crowd on the improvised platform, matching Shep's coat and cakewalk.

The detective edged through the crowd to the platform and called: "Come here, Shep, old boy!" The collie pricked up its ears and then whined confusedly.

Potter at once stopped the show and took the quack doctor with the dog into custody.

The frightened quack said he had bought the dog the year before from a trapper in northern Wisconsin. Potter took the talking dog to Hurley where he was identified by the townspeople. Then he and the sheriff hurried north to locate the trapper.

The trapper was easily found. He said he had bought the dog from an Indian named Horseface. Racing to the Indian encampment near Tomahawk Lake, they found Horseface gone, apparently warned.

But the Indian was trapped by a ruse. The sheriff declared publicly that he was discouraged and that he was giving up the case. Then he quietly returned to the encampment and caught Horseface.

The Indian denied knowledge of the crime. But when an old wallet, found in his tepee, was shown to Shep, he nosed it and barked joyfully, and Horseface confessed, implicating an ex-convict named Peter Korn. The story, as Horseface told it, was that they had held up Tarrish, divided several hundred dollars found on him, and Horseface got the wallet and the dog for a bonus.

Korn was found in Waupun Prison, where he was serving a sentence for a minor crime. He denied vehemently that he had ever seen Tarrish or the dog.

If the dog could only talk! And he did, in his own way. At the trial, Shep was brought in to face the renegade on the stand. Snarling, baring his teeth and bristling at Korn, Shep growled recognition.

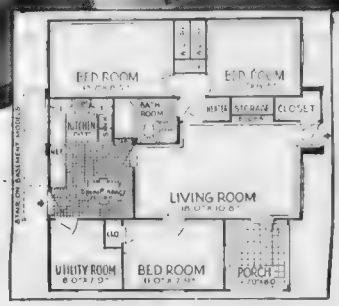
Horseface, turning State's evidence, was sentenced lightly. Korn got life at Waupun, the only criminal known to have been convicted by the spoken testimony of a dog.

Housewives' Heaven

In the Kitchen of Tomorrow, Work Will Be Play, With Built-in Electrical Gadgets Doing the Laborious Tasks.

At Half the Cost, the Dream House of the Post-War World Will Provide Twice the Comfort, the One Sketched Selling for $3,000, Complete With Heating Unit, Refrigerator and Plumbing—and It's Portable!

The Kitchen of the Future Will Be for Cooking Only, With Automatic Washers and Driers Taking Care of the After-Dinner Drudgery Without Even Moving the Dishes From the Table.



Architect's Plan of the Wonder House.

STEP into the house beautiful of tomorrow, the dream home of the post-war world, the housewives' heaven where there is no dust, no dish-washing, no mopping of floors, no outside noise.

Everything is done with buttons even sleeping. Moreover, if you're tired of living on Long Island, you pack up your house, load it on a trailer and drive to Lake Michigan or Denver or wherever you like—for it's portable. Or you may trade it in for a new model, as you do your car.

It's air conditioned, soundproof, dustproof—almost foolproof.

Let's start the day right in this wonderful design for living. We awaken in our sleeping compartment, rested and refreshed. We haven't had any covering over us because our downy couch is a combination bed and bag which is heated to ten degrees above room temperature.

We've had sweet dreams because our heads have lain on ventilated pillows to avoid nocturnal perspiring. We haven't disturbed each other by snores because a decibel control operates a device that turns over the sleeper at the annoying pitch.

During the night, electric eyes have turned off the lights. Now they turn on the heat and start the coffee cooking in the percolator while we shower and dress. We don't even have to open the bathroom door, because an electric eye does that for us also.

In the kitchen we scramble the eggs with an electric mixer that fits neatly into the cabinet, out of sight when not in use.

We're not concerned about the temperature outside as we sit down in the dining nook because the whole house is air conditioned, winter and summer, and the windows are never opened. That keeps out dust and mosquitoes and rain and snow.

After breakfast we don't clear the table because the dishes are plastic and embossed in the table. We simply touch a button and the table folds into the wall, dishes and all. We press another button, which starts a spray of soapy water inside the chamber, washing and rinsing the soiled utensils. A third button operates a heating unit that dries everything, ready for the next meal.

So guests are expected and the house is a mess! Well, not too much of a mess with dust sealed out. But the kids spilled a bottle of mucilage on the floor. We don't reach for the mop because we probably don't even have one. There's no necessity for it.

The floors, which are laid with a decorative, washable covering, have scuppers around the sides, like on the decks of a ship. So we simply dash a bucket of water over the soiled places and the gutters carry off the drainage. A press of a button sets the heating apparatus in motion to dry the area.

Is there any bedroom trouble? No. Bed-making is no problem because there are no blankets to tuck in. Straightening the counterpane takes care of that task.

All these contributions to the more abundant life are the work of William B. Stout, designer of the Ford tri-motor airplane and inventor of the aerocar, an airplane that lands, folds its wings and runs on the surface.

The forerunners of the houses already are in production exclusively for the government. More than 12,000 have been bought because, being prefabricated in factories, they can be assembled and made ready for occupancy within three hours. Thus they are peculiarly suitable to the wartime demands for speed.

Another achievement is the completeness of their insulation. They are so well protected against extremes in temperature that they can be used with equal ease in the sub-zero weather of Alaska and the equatorial heat of Central Africa. The government uses them in 43 global outposts.

These magic mansions are not designed for the wealthy. They are to give luxury to low-income groups. In fact for all their modern miracles, they cost less than a modern custom-built house.

The price is $3,000 for a house of three bedrooms, large living room, kitchen, dining space, bathroom, eight closets and a porch. That outlay includes the cost of refrigerator, heating unit and plumbing.

For a house of comparable installations and size—30 feet seven inches by 28 feet—the cost would be $5,500 to $6,000 if built to individual plans.

As Mr. Stout sees it, they will be turned out in mass production much like the automobile and marketed in much the same manner. He believes there will be dealers in every community who will deliver and erect the houses three hours after foundations are completed.

Improvements will be made from year to year, just as there are improvements in cars, Mr. Stout believes, and new models will be on display. There will be trade-in allowances on the models of former years and, of course, an entirely new business will develop in second-hand houses.

Homes become dated, just like cars. The average house is outmoded in about five years unless old installations are continually ripped out to make way for modern gadgets. Certainly not one private dwelling in 10,000 is equipped with air conditioning, as an example, which has been a workable scientific development for at least 20 years.

In the dream houses-to-be there will be no standardization such as to make them monotonous to the eye. They will be in a variety of architecture ranging from the Spanish hacienda type to Swedish ultra-modern.

There's no limit to what sort of roofs we'll have over our heads. Mr. Stout even envisions an electronic device that will shut out all sounds except the sweet chirping of birds—if you like to be awakened that way.

IF IT'S A **ZIPPO** IT'S WINDPROOF

—and ZIPPO is a real one hand lighter that always can be depended upon. Sorry no civilian sales, just yet.

Buy ZIPPO WICKS and FLUID at your dealer.

THE LIGHT OF THE ANTI

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. W., Bradford, Pa.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Nazis—$55,000 Each

One of Uncle Sam's Smartest Military Statisticians Has Figured Out That It Costs More to Kill a Nazi Soldier Than to Down a German Plane.

THE experts have figured out that it costs us $55,000 for every German soldier we kill in this war. It is more expensive, according to the statisticians, to plug one Nazi with a bullet than to blow one of Germany's battleships out of the sea, because bringing down a plane sets us back a mere $41,000.

According to C. W. P. Campbell, one of America's cleverest statisticians, who is stationed with the U. S. Army Air Forces in England, the money it takes to kill one soldier in the present war would have exterminated 66,000 men in the days of Julius Caesar. About 70 cents apiece knocked off a primitive soldier in those bargain days.

The bill for killing a soldier has steadily increased down through the ages. Napoleon, who was one of the first generals to incorporate the use of so-called modern firearms, gets the dubious credit for putting warfare on a "big business" basis.

Back in the days when Bonaparte was trying to become the head-man of Europe, the price tag for permanently disposing of each soldier was upped to $3,000.

The American Civil War saw the ante raised to $5,050 per fighting man.

The expense of killing more than quadrupled between the time of the North-South scrap and World War I. The experts, who computed the overhead of the first World War, figure that the United States spent $22,220 for every Hun that was shot.

In the 20-odd years since the last conflict, the figure has more than doubled. We now ring up $55,000 on the cash register every time we bump a Nazi off. The Germans spend about the same amount every time they shoot a Russian, a Briton, or a Yank.

Since the beginning of the war in 1939, it has been roughly estimated that 10,000,000 soldiers have lost their lives in all theatres of operation. The experts with figures have calculated the direct expense of World War II so far at five hundred billion dollars, but the "indirect" figures would dwarf this sum.

There is an old saying that "war doesn't pay" but apparently everybody else does.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Some day you may laugh at yourself

—after you know about Tampax through personal experience

Looking back some day, it may amuse you that you ever hesitated before adopting Tampax. This modern method of monthly sanitary protection really is a remarkable improvement. It relieves you *completely* of the belts, pins and external pads that can make you so uncomfortable. . . . For Tampax, you see, is worn *internally*. You can dress in shorts, slacks or a trim skirt—no "edge-lines" with Tampax. No wrinkling or bulging. No odor or chafing. Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent cotton compressed into dainty applicators so that your hands need never touch the Tampax. Month's supply fits in your purse. Quick change. Easy disposal. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Buy now for the "next time." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to *cleanse* and *soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES - REFRESHES

Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Now household hints in this issue

No Mail in 10 Years

IF MASTER Sergeant Raymond C. Morgan, a veteran of the Marine Corps, had been the kind of guy who depends on letters to keep up his morale, he would have been a pretty depressed gent during the last 10 years because he never got a single one during all that time.

One day a few weeks ago, Morgan, who is a mess sergeant out in San Diego, Cal., got to thinking about his plight, and told a newspaperman the tale. The Marine thought it set some sort of record.

The last communication he had received, so he said, was in November, 1933, and that came from an official of a telephone company who returned him a nickel for a wrong number he had called.

The newspaperman printed the story. A press association picked up the yarn and sent it to member papers all over the country.

The next morning a popeyed Morgan answered mail call and was handed a whole pouch. In it were 641 letters all addressed to him. His 10-year drought of correspondence was over. Hundreds of Americans, who had read about the lonely leatherneck, had put him on their writing list.

Ever since that time such big batches of envelopes bearing Morgan's name have been arriving that the post office has had to permanently assign a special bag to the sergeant.

Next Week

PLANT EATS FLESH

At last science has discovered how the mysterious Venus fly trap senses its insect prey with claw-like jaws and devours it just as the human stomach digests its food. Read "Hungry Plant Yielding Its Secret to Science." in the . .

Aug. 20 Issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

It's plain to see that starchy wartime meals
Are apt to make you grow — the wrong way.
To help you lose in weight, gain in fitness,
Ry-Krisp has a simple, sensible reducing plan.

New Reducing Book, Free!

Start your slimming program the Ry-Krisp way
That makes it easy for any normal person
To lose weight and serve delicious meals
The whole family can enjoy.

For new book with complete reducing plan, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 2, Missouri.

LOW-CALORIE MEAL PLANNER

SATISFYING SALAD

Plump prunes stuffed with cottage cheese, nestled on crisp lettuce. Made more wholesome and delicious with toasted Ry-Krisp—the 100% whole grain bread that has the minerals and just about all the vitamin B1 of whole rye, only 23 calories in a slice. A great family favorite, too!... its rich rye taste perks up all food flavors. Ask for Ry-Krisp at hotels, restaurants, on trains and planes.

ELIMINATE SUN -SQUINT -MASK' -BLUR

*OCULENS SUNGLASSES

Meet U. S. Army specifications for absorption of infra-red and ultra-violet rays! Filter out sunglare without squinting, blurring or masking your vision—and without changing color values. Smartly styled for sports, beach, and street wear. Get a pair today.

Oculens
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

DON'T SAY GAUZE SAY— GAUZTEX

SENSATIONAL NEW BANDAGE

Ever yanked bandages off sore fingers . . . pulled hairs trying to get stubborn, sticky tapes loose? Then you'll be dazzled with Gauztex, the surgical bandages that stick ONLY to itself. Made especially for use on cuts, abrasions, burns, gauze . . . won't come off in oil, gasoline, mineral, or water. Keeps dirt out. Its name is GAUZTEX. Does not stick to skin or hair—comes off instantly without pulling. Various widths, lengths. ALSO ready-made BAND-ME-QUICK assortments. At drug counters—10 cents. Get Gauztex! General Bandages, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

GAUZTEX Sticks to Itself . . . NEVER TO YOU

FILLS FLOOR CRACKS!

Holes and cracks in floors can be quickly repaired with PLASTIC WOOD! Handles like putty; hardens into wood. At Paint, Hdwe and 10¢ Stores.

Safeway BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER

BRUSH SPOTS from dresses, suits, uniforms, coats, hats and ties quickly. Keep rugs and carpets, home and auto upholstery spotless. Vanish grease and oil spots like magic. At 5 and 10¢ drug and department stores or send 25¢ for large 5 oz package.

SAFEWAY CHEMICAL CO.

Non-Explosive

10¢-25¢

Why use a cloth? Just BRUSH spots away!

IDAHO'S early citizens chose as the state's official motto "Mayest thou endure forever" to express their hope that the beauty and bounty of their land would forever benefit its people.

But they realized that it required more than hope to make the most of Idaho's natural resources. It required courage, hard work and individual initiative. So the settlers labored to develop the land. They felled trees for homes, unearthed ore deposits, irrigated arid plains, planted crops, raised cattle and sheep.

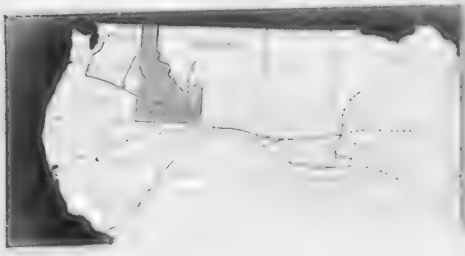
Today, over "the strategic middle route," uniting Idaho with the East and the Pacific coast, Union Pacific transports the state's agricultural and industrial products so essential to the nation's welfare.

Thousands of Idaho's citizens and thousands of Union Pacific employes are carrying arms for victory... fighting to maintain the incentive of success and security . . . fighting to uphold the doctrine of equal opportunity so that your America may endure forever.

★ *Idaho is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states*

• • •

Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" coast-to-coast radio program every Saturday afternoon. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE *Strategic* MIDDLE ROUTE

In Your Autumn Budget

Wesley Simpson Scarves.

Twin Scarves for Your Head and Neck. Very News-. Very Gay. At the Right, the Autumn Bride's Going-Away Costume in Gray Wool, Beautifully Cut. Tall Lilly Dache Hat in Brown and Gray. Sparkling Diamond Earclips.

AT the first sign of autumn, smart girls get out a set of twin scarves, gay with color and designs by Vertes, the famous French artist, now in America painting and designing.

At the right the autumn bride's going-away dress is a Pauline Trigere design, beautifully cut, buttoned high at the neck. Her wedding gift pin, of white and canary diamonds, plus sparkling diamond earclips accent this costume. The Lilly Dache "beehive" is of clipped brown-gray feathers.

IF YOU FEEL "ALL-IN"...

RESISTANCE IS LOW---Here's Great News

Read How This A & D Vitamin-Tonic Helps Tone System!

Has the strain of war-time work exchanged your glow of living energy for tired-out feeling? Do you drag through the day? Does sleep elude you at night? Then don't delay another second—try good-tasting Scott's Emulsion *today*. Scott's Emulsion can soon help your energy, stamina and resistance if there is a dietary deficiency of natural A and D Vitamins. Helps you recover from minor ills more promptly too! So try it—see what it can do for you!

"Scott's really helped build my resistance—glad Doctor recommended it!"

DON'T DELAY! Right Now—Do This as Many Doctors Recommend

Thousands upon thousands take Scott's Emulsion regularly to help tone up their system. That—plus the fact *many doctors* recommend Scott's—proves it *must* be good! So today, get the great benefits of this valuable Vitamin A and D Tonic. Start taking Scott's *daily*, throughout the year. See how energy and stamina come back—make you "feel better"—when you're no longer deficient in Vital Elements, *natural* Vitamins A and D.

Great for children too! Buy economical, good-tasting Scott's Emulsion this very day at your druggist.

RELIABLE! 4 Ways Better!

1. Rich in *natural* A & D Vitamins—valuable food supplement and summer tonic.
2. *Exclusive* process promotes its digestion and assimilation.
3. Good-tasting. Economical.
4. Helps make children husky too; helps build strong bones, sound teeth, a sturdy frame.

TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages

ANOTHER NEW DRESS?
IT'S NOT NEW—THAT'S THE LUX LOOK!
LUX
"Phyllis' pretty cottons—mine, too—get Luxed," says Mrs. H. F. Hellegers. "They stay new-looking longer! Lux makes such rich suds, it's thrifty."

You look charming, win compliments, when your dresses, blouses, play clothes have that Lux look'... lovely as new!

Tests show that colors washed the Lux way stay lovely up to *3 times longer.* Don't risk harsh washday methods. Strong soaps, too-hot water, rough handling fade colors, make nice things look old too soon.

Give your rayons and gay cottons, too, gentle Lux care. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SOAP CONTAINS VITAL WAR MATERIALS... *DON'T WASTE IT!*

"What's this — the Brooklyn rhumba?"

MAC: Say, Hank! What kind of rhumba you [illegible] with your hand in your collar? Is that some new [illegible]?

HANK: Aw, it's this blasted shrunk up shirt. Mac. Nothing but a War Bond Rally would have got me into it, either.

MAC: Well, bob my socks and let me swoon! Are you *still* buying shirts that shrink in this day of the "Sanforized" standard! That's wasting goods and manpower, little man.

HANK: So help me, I'm innocent! The clerk *swore* this shirt was pre-shrunk. But what happens? One washing and it's about to strangle me! *Hey—why are you taking me to the locker room?*

MAC: You'll see! I want you to try on two of your shirts! Note well the "Sanforized" label. It means the fabric in this shirt can't shrink even *one in-fin-i-tes-i-mal percent*—by the Government's Approved Test!

HANK: Gee, Mac—thanks! Tomorrow you'll see me bent double under a load of "Sanforized" shirts!

MAC: [illegible] I'll [illegible] into the sidewalk! Nobody [illegible] today—just buy what you [illegible] they have "Sanforized" labels [illegible] before long, ALL cottons will be shrunk to the "Sanforized" standard.

HANK: [illegible] how can you be so smart, Mac, when I'm not?

US: Look for the "Sanforized" label *on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink even* [illegible] *'s work clothes . . . men's shirts, shirts, pajamas . . . women's sportswear, house dresses, sup[illegible] . . . boys' and girls' . . . slip covers, drap[illegible] If your store doesn't have them. But don't [illegible] for the "Sanforized" label*

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Approved Test

"SANFORIZED": Checked standard of the trade-[illegible] The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on **"Compressive Pre-Shrunk"** fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

AVOID WASTE ... GET PERMANENT FIT ... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

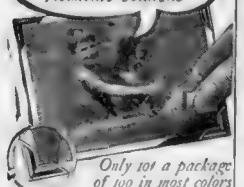
IODENT
REMOVES IT SAFELY

Choice of two textures —Safety guaranteed— Made by a Dentist. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

WHICH IODENT DO YOU CHOOSE?

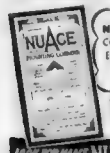
IODENT NO 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN PASTE or POWDER IODENT NO 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

KEEP NEGATIVES WHERE YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND THEM.
MOUNT UNDER SNAPSHOTS IN ALBUM WITH NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS



Only 10¢ a package of 100 in most colors

Available in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory Gold or Silver At 5, & 10¢ [illegible] & Department Stores



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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

JUST because the morning is crazy and hot don't pass up that good breakfast the nutritionists advise for every day of the year. The nutritional needs of the body do not materially change with the season. The same number of calories is needed in the summer as in the winter. For the repair of tissue wear and tear, the same number of proteins must be supplied. The daily amounts of vitamins and mineral-bearing foods are needed for body tone, that peppy feeling, the sparkle in your eyes, the energy to work through the day, and the stamina to face worry and the new problems brought on by the war.

The temptation most of us have on a hot morning is to sip a glass of cold fruit juice, drink our coffee and let it go at that. But that is not a breakfast; it is only the beginning. Here are breakfasts which supply about one-third of the day's nutritional needs for the average man or woman and the child of run-about age.

The menus start with a "brunch"—that late breakfast and luncheon combined which some families can enjoy on a shaded porch or in a cooled dining room on Sunday or a holiday.

And don't miss the recipes for sturdy, filling dishes which may seem more like foods for supper than for breakfast. Serve them after the cereals and fruit or fruit juice, to vary breakfast from day to day, and to give that important well-fed feeling to the morning.

Sunday Brunch Menu

Chilled Orange Juice
Corn Flakes with Sliced Bananas; Milk or Cream
Fried Eggs Crisp Bacon
Bran Muffins Marmalade
Milk for Children
Coffee

Bran Muffins

¾ cup milk
1 cup bran flakes
1 cup sifted flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening

Pour the milk over the bran and let stand five minutes. Sift the flour once, measure it, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift again. Add egg and shortening to the bran mixture and mix well. Add flour, beating only enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased muffin pans in a hot oven (425° F.) twenty-five minutes. Makes twelve muffins.

These muffins may be varied by adding fruits to the bran mixture.

Apricot Bran Muffins, add ½ cup finely cut dried apricots to the bran mixture; or for

Date Bran Muffins add ½ cup finely cut dates.

Fig Bran Muffins add ½ cup finely cut dried figs.

Prune Bran Muffins add ½ cup finely cut prunes.

Raisin Bran Muffins add ½ cup chopped raisins.

Banana Bran Muffins decrease milk in the above recipe to ½ cup and add ½ cup mashed ripe bananas (1½ bananas) to bran mixture.

Bread Crumb Omelet

4 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup soft bread crumbs, firmly packed
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon fat

Separate the eggs, add pepper to the yolks, beat slightly. Add the crumbs and milk. Add salt to the whites and beat stiff, but not dry. Fold the crumb mixture into the whites. Melt the fat in a small skillet and pour in the omelet mixture. Level the surface gently. Place a cover on the skillet and let the omelet cook over low heat so the bottom of the omelet is only slightly browned after fifteen minutes cooking. Uncover the pan and cook until the surface is dry when touched lightly with a finger tip or a knife inserted in the center comes out clean, about twenty-five minutes. Fold and serve on a warmed platter. Serves four.

Poached Eggs on Creamed Toast

4 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon toast
5 slices toast
5 poached eggs
Parsley

Melt the butter or margarine, add the flour and blend well. Add the milk and stir constantly until thickened. Add the salt and pepper. Toast the bread and lay the slices on a warmed serving platter, pour the boiling sauce over them; then place a poached egg on each slice. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once. Five servings.

Peanut Corn Oysters

½ cup peanut butter
2 cups cooked corn
1 egg
¾ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
Fat for frying

Combine the peanut butter, corn and beaten egg. Sift the flour with the salt and baking powder and add to the corn mixture. Drop from a tablespoon onto a heated, well-greased frying pan. Brown lightly on both sides. Serve hot with butter and syrup or honey. Twelve patties.

Rice Pancakes

2 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs
1½ cups milk
1 cup cooked rice
¼ cup melted shortening

Sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together. Beat the eggs, add the milk. Then stir the flour mixture into the eggs and milk, a little at a time. Mix with the rice and melted shortening. Drop from a tablespoon onto a hot griddle. Brown lightly on both sides. Enough for four people.

Corn Pone

1 cup white cornmeal
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter or drippings
Water to make a soft dough

Combine all the ingredients. Shape into six small cakes and bake on a well-greased pan in a hot oven (475 degrees F.) for about fifteen minutes. Use an iron skillet for this if you have one. Six servings.

Breakfasts That Satisfy

Fresh Fruit
Whole-Grain Cereal, Milk
Buttered Toast, Jam
Cocoa Made with Milk for Children
Coffee

* * *

Stewed Fruit
Scrambled Eggs
Whole-Wheat Bread and Butter
Apple Butter
Milk for Children
Coffee

* * *

Stewed Prunes
Poached Egg Whole-Wheat Toast
Butter or Fortified Margarine
Milk or Cocoa for Children
Coffee

* * *

Orange Juice
Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast
Cocoa or Milk for Children
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Whole-Grain Cereal Flakes
Fresh Fruit, Top Milk
Small Sausages, Fried Apples
Milk for Children
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Orange Juice
Coffee Cake, Butter or Fortified Margarine
Blackberry Jam
Soft-Boiled Eggs, Butter, Seasonings
Milk or Cocoa for Children
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Half Grapefruit, Honey
Scrambled Eggs with Cheese
Whole-Wheat Muffins, Butter or Margarine
Jelly
Milk or Cocoa for Children
Coffee or Tea

Mixed Fruit Juice
Corned Beef Hash, Poached Egg
Cornbread, Butter, Honey
Milk or Cocoa
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Orange Juice
Corn Flake Waffles, Honey and Butter
Crisp Bacon
Milk or Cocoa
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Cooked Fruit
Codfish Cakes
Tomato Sauce
Whole-Grain Bread and Butter
Cocoa or Milk
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Apple Juice
Corn Pone Fried Onions
Nut Bread and Butter
Milk or Cocoa
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Quartered Oranges and Grapefruit
Peanut Corn Oysters and Syrup, Crisp Bacon
Milk or Coffee

* * *

Rice Pancakes and Stewed Fruit
Enriched White Bread Toast, Butter
Milk for Children
Coffee

* * *

Mixed Fruit Juices
Bread Crumb Omelet
Frizzled Ham
Toasted Rolls, Butter
Milk for Children
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Orange Juice
Poached Eggs on Creamed Toast
Milk for the Children
Coffee or Tea

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Breakfast Recipes

DISHES just as good for luncheon or supper. But [illegible]

Corn Flake Waffles

[illegible]

1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar

[illegible] Cream the shortening and sugar. Beat the egg yolks and add the milk. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together and add to the egg mixture. Stir into the liquid mixture and when [illegible] Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot waffle iron until brown and crisp about eight minutes. This makes six full-sized waffles.

Codfish Cakes

2 cups salt codfish
2 tablespoons butter
[illegible]
2 cups cooked potatoes
[illegible]
[illegible]

To prepare codfish for cooking, shred or whittle off bits of it, the piece of fish shredded. If bought in the piece, it is covered with cold water and soaked from four to eight hours, depending upon the saltiness of the fish. Scrubbed well, only [illegible] Add [illegible] If [illegible]

For these recipes, when the codfish is prepared and ready to use, drain it, add the potatoes. Cover with [illegible] water and boil it [illegible] the fish and potatoes get [illegible] about thirty minutes. Drain and mash well. Add the butter, pepper, milk and beaten egg and beat until light and fluffy. Chill, shape into cakes and brown on both sides in a small amount of fat or drop from a tablespoon into deep hot fat. Let brown and serve hot. Six servings. [illegible] to serve or [illegible] small balls or cakes.

Pan-Fried Onions

1 pound onions
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
3 tablespoons bacon drippings

Wash the onions, peel and slice them crosswise. Heat the fat in the skillet, add the onions. Cover. Cook over low heat, stirring about ten minutes. [illegible] Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve hot. Five servings.

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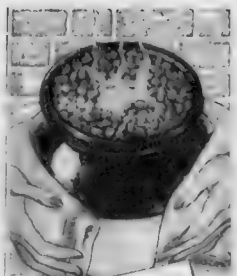

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MIGHTY SWELL EATIN' with some milk and sugar and any kind of berries, fruit or preserves!

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A Two-Hour Vacation

By URSULA TROW

THERE comes a time in every busy woman's [illegible] harried week, a [illegible] of hard work, [illegible] cation at all—when the best is none too good for her. The best, in the way of relief for nervous fatigue resulting from this kind of strain, is an occasional thorough going-over in a beauty salon. The dividends in relaxation repay the actual monetary expenditure a hundred [illegible] Make your appointment [illegible] a day when you have about two hours of free[illegible] let the salon experts [illegible] you the "works."

The Works

A NEW hair style [illegible] morale high. And it's so wonderful just to lie back and close your eyes while someone brushes and massages your scalp gives you a thorough shampoo, and does the pin-up work.

While you're under the [illegible] your manicurist [illegible] into a massage chair and let that [illegible] take the kinks out of [illegible]

Of course, you've taken off your clothes and tied a towel around your hair. A good masseuse knows just where the nerve centers get kinky in your neck and back, and her deft, strong fingers get at those lumps until you purr with delight.

The Facial

YOUR eyebrows are [illegible] cleaned up, maybe thinned a little. Whiteheads or blackheads are removed [illegible] with outward and upward strokes, deft and strong fingers massage every inch of your face. Lately the cream is removed with a cooling and stimulating astringent, and a second layer of cream is applied. A second massaging and a second removal of cream go with that.

Now a beauty mask goes on your face, and while this is setting you lie with your head lower than your feet so that your facial muscles will be stimulated by a [illegible] stirring flow of blood. The mask is left on for 20 to 30 minutes and is then removed with the astringent. An ice pack is put on to close the pores and to [illegible] healthy blush to your face. After 10 minutes, the ice pack is removed and your face gently [illegible]

The Make-Up

A POWDER base is blended into your skin and the rouge smoothed onto your cheeks according to the contours of your face.

Powder is lavishly dusted all over your face and neck, and the excess is removed with a piece of cotton. An eyebrow pencil is lightly drawn over your eyebrows and a touch of eyelid shading is applied. The mascara makes you look wide-eyed and fresh.

Lipstick is applied with a brush and the excess is removed with a tissue.

Now dress again and have your hair combed out.

The mirror will greet you with an image who looks, feels and acts like a new person, ready to tackle with renewed vigor and interest whatever job awaits you.

A New Book on Home Furnishings

"MAKE and Remodel Home Furnishings," by Ruth Wyeth Spears, is an extremely easy-to-follow and modern book of new ways to keep your house smart and attractive. The author is well known for her home decorating and sewing books. This new one combines both arts, plus simple carpentry and other useful do-it-yourself ideas.

There is a hammer-and-saw chapter for the handy man of the family. A chapter on painting and refinishing old furniture, one on curtain styles and fabrics, how to make curtains and draperies and what to do with the old ones. For all of these things and more, the instructions are clear and simple, and made interesting by over 200 workable sketches and diagrams, and complete directions for over 100 clever projects. Just a glance makes you itch to start right to work. (M. Barrows & Co. Inc. $2)

—*E. M.*

Cody Photograph

Two Hours of Relaxation in the Hands of a Beauty Expert May Be the Only Time Off for Most Busy Women This Summer, But Such Treatment Can Do Wonders.

Standing beside his Douglas Dauntless SBD on the flight deck of a large aircraft carrier, Lt. (jg) Frederick J. Joyce, Jr., indulges in a pleasant "aside" before taking off on an important mission ... that being, at the time this picture was taken, a smashing blow against Jap-held Wake Island.

(Official U. S. Navy photo and caption.)

When Lt. Joyce gave us permission to use his picture, we asked him if he would like to say something to those on the home front. "I certainly would," was his reply. So we are glad to give you his message in his own words.

"We're mighty grateful to the folks at home for the way they are backing us up with food, clothes, planes, guns and ammunition. But we have one request to make—*please write as often as you can.* You have no idea what a letter from home, or from a friend, means. It builds us up in a way that just can't be described."

How about it folks? Why not write a cheery letter right now to those boys who are fighting for you? Don't stop with writing one letter... keep writing them! And the way to speed your letters, also to save valuable space in planes and ships, is to use V-mail!

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After every bath keep underarms fresh with quick, dependable Mum

Daintiness may meet disaster soon after your bath—unless underarms have *special* care! Don't risk offending—use Mum every day—after every bath. Even a daily bath merely washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum guards your *future*—prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Let dependable Mum help you *stay* dainty . . . nice to be near!

MUM'S SO QUICK—Smooths on in half a minute—yet keeps you dainty for hours.

MUM'S GENTLE—It won't irritate your skin—even after underarm shaving. Mum's safe for fabrics.

MUM'S DEPENDABLE—Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. You can trust Mum!

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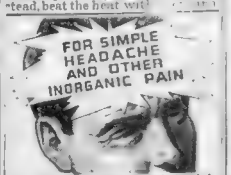

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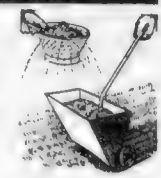

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Boston *leads the World in Humanity to* Animals

I'm a little Spitz—quite a little—and I'm looking for a home. Come to the Animal Rescue League and get me if you know what a dog's life really should be. I love little boys and girls.
Honestly, I can look happier than this and I'll do my darndest to make you happy. Love and faithfulness guaranteed. You can have me if you promise to spare me from the tortures of vivisection. I could be very happy with some little boy or girl and could make them happy, too.
I'm a young fellow and this is my first experience in a tub. I understand it's not so much fun when there's water in it but I'll even promise to stand still for a bath if you give me a good home. Would you want to see me "washed up" permanently by the cruel knives of those vivisection adherents?

The Boston Terrier and that little pup in the foreground are two of the dogs available at the Animal Rescue League for those who will guarantee to treat them kindly.

By Anthony Merrill

A MEDICAL Association committee representing several Massachusetts universities recently waited upon Robert F. Sellar, president of the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

"We are badly in need of dogs for vivisection," said the committee spokesman. "You closed our sources of supply in this State several years ago. Now we are having trouble obtaining enough animals from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. All we request is a small percentage of the thousands of homeless mutts you put to death every year."

Tag stood stiff-legged, ears cocked. Baxen uncurled his long little body in a spot of sunlight and laid his head uneasily. Sellar rested a reassuring hand on Tag's old head.

"This is an old dog, gentlemen," he said. "Twenty one years old. He has been with us for 15 years. You'd call him a mutt but we call him a gentleman." He ran his hand along Baxen's tan coat reassuringly. "And this dachshund is a youngster — 3 years old; sensitive, kindly and understanding. He's the pet of the children in our humane educational department and he will be taken into the schools this year with our marionettes shows teaching the children the ways of kindness to dumb animals."

The League president paused.

"The question is not 'Shall we?' It is not 'Not this year, not ever.' As far as we are concerned there is no question. There are no homeless dogs for us to give a home for vivisection and we would such time as we had a better. We have no love for vivisection experiments and abhor it."

THE nature of the visit and its ending were symbolic of the change that has sent Boston into first place in the humane treatment of dumb animals. This is a change wrought gradually over a period of nearly half a century since the days when the Hub, too, had its dog snatching municipal pound sell

Continued on Page 2

Marionettes Teach Youngsters First Lesson in Kindness

By marionette shows in the schools, the Humane Educational Department of the Animal Rescue League teaches children why they should be kind to dumb animals. Miss Harriet Flannery, one of the league's teachers, is shown with Baxen, a dachshund puppy and a group of children at the league's headquarters where classes continue during vacation season.

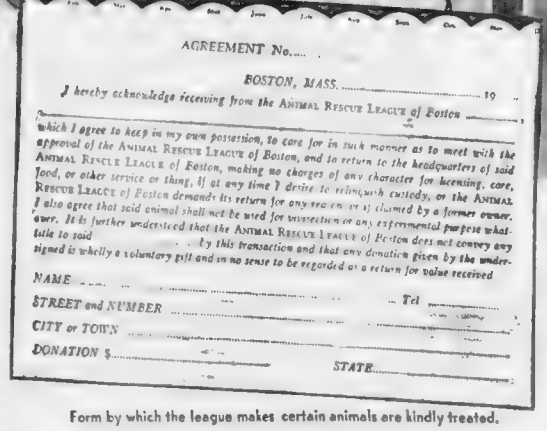
"Baxen uncurled his long body and lifted his head uneasily" as a medical association committee appealed to the Animal Rescue League for dogs for vivisection. He relaxed when the appeal was abruptly denied.

Continued from Page 1

ing unfortunate friends of man into the tortures conducted in the name of science.

Since 1898, when the Animal Rescue League of Boston was organized as the first agency of its kind in the country, it has cared for 2,454,712 dumb animals and not one ever has been turned over to the medical schools for vivisectional purposes.

Since 1908 the league has acted as the city's official pound under contract written at a financial loss to the league, but thousands of unclaimed stray dogs and cats have been placed in permanent homes whose owners give signed pledges the animal "shall not be used for vivisection or any experimental purpose whatever," and that is sufficient reward for the approximately 10,000 active members of the league.



AGREEMENT No.....

BOSTON, MASS. ..... 19 ..

I hereby acknowledge receiving from the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE *of Boston* .....

which I agree to keep in my own possession, to care for in such manner as to meet with the approval of the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE *of Boston, and to return to the headquarters of said* ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE *of Boston, making no charges of any character for licensing, care, food, or other service or thing, if at any time I desire to relinquish custody, or the* ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE *of Boston demands its return for any reason it is claimed by a former owner. I also agree that said animal shall not be used for vivisection or any experimental purpose whatever. It is further understood that the* ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE *of Boston does not convey any title to said ..... by this transaction and that any donation given by the undersigned is wholly a voluntary gift and in no sense to be regarded as a return for value received*

NAME .....

STREET and NUMBER ..... Tel .....

CITY or TOWN .....

DONATION $..... STATE.....

Form by which the league makes certain animals are kindly treated.

Barred by state law in public schools, vivisection still goes on behind the walls of private medical schools in Massachusetts, but the legal avenues supplying the victims are constantly narrowing and the processes of humane education will soon choke them off altogether.

THE PUBLIC attitude toward dumb animals of all kinds, and dogs in particular, has undergone a complete change since the days when every unlicensed dog was snatched off the street and many a licensed dog stolen for the medical laboratories. One great reason is the humane educational program conducted by the league in public schools throughout the State and at the league's headquarters during the vacation season. Marionette shows rewritten with a kindness-to-dumb-animals theme are the principal vehicles in this program. These are conducted in all grades through junior high school with the result that the child entering senior high school has a complete appreciation of the rewards of kindness and decency to man's four-footed friends.

With that background it needs only a normal observation for the maturing child to reach the conclusion that many a dog is more of a gentleman than its master.

Boston was appalled a few months ago by the pictorial disclosures in the Boston American of children [illegible] loses to death while their elders stood by at an Ohio fox-roundup. Hundreds of letters and phone calls were received from men, women and children who could not believe that such conditions existed.

The more recent exposure of shocking conditions in the dog pounds of New York and Chicago brought a similar reaction. Yet it was only a few years ago when the same condition existed here, and there were few to protest.

One of the voices first raised in protest against cruelty to animals and in support of William Randolph Hearst's campaign to abolish the tortures of vivisection was that of Anna Harris Smith, a frail little woman, noted in social welfare work.

Mrs. Smith was the founder and the directing head of the Animal Rescue League of Boston for 20 years and in her first

Continued on Page 12

Medicine and Movies Don't Mix for Esther

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

ESTHER WILLIAMS, swimming champ and screen star, got more attention when she refused a movie career than she got for winning all her medals and cups. Her reason for turning down contract offers was that she wanted to be a good wife to Dr. Leonard Kovner, and nothing more.

Eventually the persistence of movie moguls won over Esther and her husband, and she agreed to act in pictures only under certain conditions. They were not going to allow her acting career to interfere with their marriage. That was two years ago.

So last week out of Hollywood came the story of the separation and imminent divorce of the Leonard Kovners. Apparently (although Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunn have managed it successfully) Esther Williams was a motion picture actress who was not the ideal helpmeet for a young physician.

Certainly no girl in the history of show business ever tried harder to duck movie fame than did the beautiful, shapely swimming queen. She really meant it, too.

"I can't act. I'm a swimmer," was her reply to the fabulous Billy Rose when he first offered her a leading role in his Aquacade troupe.

AT THAT time she was just 20, and had won the women's national 100-meter free style championship with the greatest of ease. Her grace and beauty in the water and out won her the title in 1939 of the "Typical American Girl Swimmer."

Naturally, Billy Rose was flabbergasted when he got her cool rejection of his offer . . . one which any girl swimmer in the country would have swooned over. He doesn't take "no" for an answer easily, though, so he kept at it.

Esther had another reason for not being interested. She was engaged to be married very shortly to Dr. Kovner. But after Billy Rose had spent $1000 on long-distance calls, telegrams and orchids, she gave in and signed a contract.

Three months later, when she married, she said frankly that she was sorry she had gone into the Aquacade and that she would quit show business for good as soon as her agreement with Rose expired.

Which, to be sure, she did. She settled down in Los Angeles, where her husband was practicing, content to just be a housewife. When she found time hanging heavy on her hands she went back to her old job of modeling, taking only jobs which didn't interfere with her domestic life.

Luscious Esther Williams can't be a film beauty and a doctor's wife, too, so it looks as though the doctor is going to place second.

Here we have Esther Williams in dressed up pose. She has decided that roles of a doctor's wife and film star can't be handled at the same time.

In happier days, Dr. Leonard Kovner and pretty Esther Williams as they danced together only last February.

WHILE she was in San Francisco, Louis B. Mayer had seen her. M-G-M offered her a screen test. She declined it without hesitation.

"I can't act, and I don't want to," she said. "All I want is a normal, happy life with my husband."

But, like Billy Rose, the M-G-M chief didn't give up. With thousands of beautiful girls breaking their hearts trying to break into films, some of them good actresses, the one girl who wasn't interested was the one he wanted for his studio. Perhaps her indifference was one reason for his insistence.

"I was still bent on not having anything to do with that kind of work," she said, "but M-G-M wouldn't let me forget it.

"They called me regularly every month for a year, although Leonard and I kept telling them a picture career would put too many demands on our private lives.

"But when the offers tripled what I could make modeling, we finally gave in. I suppose it was only human. After all, we did live right in Los Angeles.

"It wasn't without a struggle, though. Leonard and I worked out a set of 'don'ts' which we were pretty sure would never be accepted by the studio, and agreed that only under our conditions would I accept a contract.

"We demanded that I be given dramatic lessons for a long period before I was asked to face the camera even for a test; that I would never be shown kissing an actor in a still picture; that they could never change the color of my hair, and finally, we demanded an exorbitant salary."

WITHOUT casting any aspersions on her sincerity, it is more than likely that Esther was, deep down in her heart, rather thrilled at the prospect of stardom, and at the determination of Mr. Mayer to have her pictures. Any woman would be.

Leonard, on the other hand, would probably like to have played the heavy husband and put his foot firmly down on any career for his wife. He was too fair to do this, and probably too wise, realizing that she might later regret the lost opportunity and hold it against him.

After all, Esther had tasted the fruits of fame. She had known the excitement of applause, of winning in keen competition, of seeing her photo in the rotogravures. Her husband

Continued on Page 11

So Solly Tojo! Dolladyall done

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

Day dreams with dollies but they were for Japs when Mrs. "Doll Lady" Dickinson "seanced," but Uncle Sam's G-men were smarter. Sketch depicts how she drew code out of dolls, but she's headed to jail for her efforts.

DOUBLE talk about dolls meant double-dealing against her own country and with enemy Japs, the government charged against a 50-year-old New York widow who faces sentence this week following her plea of guilty to a charge of violating the censorship law.

The doll-dealing widow is Mrs Velvalee Malvent Eltscher Dickinson, who is admittedly one of the nation's leading authorities on dolls and who, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is also an authority on codes and war plans, which she allegedly peddled to the Japanese navy in return for cash.

A cool-eyed letter writer Mrs Dickinson admitted, following her arrest last January that she was the author of a letter mailed from New York on March 1, 1942, to "Sra. Inez Lopez di Molinah, 1563 O'Higgins, Buenos Aires, Argentina" and that the message bore the signature of Mary E. Wallace, Springfield, Ohio.

The letter appeared innocent enough. It dealt with the subject of new dolls—but according to the FBI the code was transparent and the "new dolls" were actually new warships operating in the Pacific.

"You asked me to tell you about my collection a month ago," the letter read. "I had to give a talk to an art club, so I talked about my dolls and figurines. The only new dolls I have are three lovely Irish dolls. One of these dolls is an old fisherman with a net over his back, another is an old woman with wood on her back and the third is a little boy."

ALL THIS information about dolls may appear harmless enough to the uninformed reader, but the government charges otherwise.

The "old fisherman with a net over his back," the FBI has figured out, is an aircraft carrier, which is draped with safety nets. The "old woman with wood on her back" is a warship with a wooden superstructure, and the "little boy" is a destroyer.

The letter written by Mrs Dickinson continued:

"Everyone seemed to enjoy my talk. I can only think of our sick boy these days. You wrote me that you had sent a letter to Mr. Shaw. He destroyed your letter. You know that he has been ill. His car was damaged but is being repaired now. I have word from his family about it. They all say Mr. Shaw will be back soon."

The "Mr. Shaw" referred to in the letter, the government says, was the U. S. S. Shaw, whose bow was bombed away at Pearl Harbor but which had been fitted with a new bow at Honolulu and had arrived in San Francisco on Feb. 16, 1942.

There was a postscript in Mrs. Dickinson's letter which read:

"Mother wanted to go to Louisville but due to our worry the Louisville plan put out of our minds now."

THE INTERPRETATION of this postscript by the government is that Mrs. Dickinson was informing her superiors that the U. S. S. Louisville, which was at sea during the entire month of February, was soon due to arrive in San Francisco.

The doll dealer, in accepting a plea of guilty to violation of the censorship law in sending her coded letter to Argentina, avoided a far more serious charge—that of being a spy for the Japanese, with a possible penalty of death. She now faces a penalty of 10 years in prison and a $10,000 fine.

Mrs. Dickinson had already stated that while living in San Francisco, she became so friendly with some Japanese that she joined the Japanese American Society and managed accounts for Nipponese living in the Imperial Valley.

Her late husband was Lee T Dickinson, a San Francisco commodity broker. His office was in the same building that housed Japanese and German consulates.

In 1937, the Dickinsons moved to New York, and there Mrs Dickinson opened a doll shop. And also, according to the FBI, she kept up her Japanese associations and made several trips to the West Coast to obtain reports on movements and repairs of battleships after Pearl Harbor.

Her doll shop was successful, and patronized by many Hollywood stars and others to whom the price of an antique doll was no object. But Mrs. Dickinson, according to the government, needed further funds, and these funds were directly supplied by the Japs.

Two photos of "Doll Lady" Dickinson show better than words the change from glamour in other days to the care and worry for one who deals with the enemy. On left, Mrs. Dickinson a few years back. On right, as she appeared in court.

FOLLOWING her indictment last March on the charge of violating the wartime censorship act, there were additional charges brought against Mrs. Dickinson. And they were:

That she had, beginning in 1937, acted as a Japanese agent without registering the fact with the State Department.

That she had "conspired with officers, agents and subjects of the Imperial Japanese Government whose names to the jurors are unknown, to violate the espionage law."

It was the first time during the present war, according to U. S. Atty. James B. McNally, government prosecutor, when an American-born woman had faced the death penalty for treason.

"I know of no other case during this war in which a woman faces the possibility of forfeiting her life," McNally said last May, when Mrs. Dickinson was arraigned in federal court in New York.

"We charge that she sent in code a number of letters to Argentina, some of them containing information about the movements and repairs of battleships after Pearl Harbor, and we charge that she did this for money received from Japanese agents."

HOWEVER much money Mrs. Dickinson had received from the Japanese government, federal authorities charge, she had a cool $16,000 in cash, and in her hand, when she was arrested in the safety deposit vault of a New York bank. And according to FBI agents, she kicked, bit and scratched the government men who took her into custody.

At the time of her arrest, when she insisted she was not guilty, her cash assets of $16,000 were frozen, partly as alleged evidence and partly under income tax lien.

And immediately after accepting her plea of guilty to the charge of violating the censorship law, McNally said:

"The proof against the defendant was highly circumstantial in nature. In the absence of her confederates now in Japan, in my judgment the defense to be offered by the defendant was to have been that the letters were written by her husband, Lee, who died March 29, 1933."

Mrs. Dickinson was born in Sacramento, Cal., and was graduated in 1911 from the local high school, and later from Snell's Seminary in Berkeley. She also attended the University of California.

IN 1926 SHE was married to Lee Taylor Dickinson, originally of Philadelphia, and during her marriage she maintained her job as filing clerk in a San Francisco bank.

It was part of Mrs. Dickinson's job to handle brokerage accounts for the Nisei and other residents of the West Coast, and she became a well-known member of the local Japanese-American society and went on record, during frequent speeches, as an admirer of the art and culture of the Nips.

It was through her association with her Jap clients that Mrs. Dickinson became interested in the doll business. One of her customers at the bank presented her with an antique doll which Mrs. Dickinson later sold for $85. That was the beginning of her flourishing doll business—and the beginning, the government says, of her financial association with Japan.

But Mrs. Dickinson, despite her smartness, made a major mistake, according to the FBI, when she signed "Mary Wallace" to the letter to her collaborator in Argentina.

The letter was returned from Buenos Aires and sent back in June, 1942, to a Miss Mary Wallace in Ohio. Miss Wallace was

Continued on Page 11

Hollywood Punchy Over Punches

By ALFRED D. WHELTON

SO THEY'RE going to take the punch out of Hollywood —they think!

Not while they have night clubs and house parties—not while glamorous ladies meet amorous men and the men of the glamorous gals don't like what goes on.

But the latest fisticuff details to waft across the country from the city of make-believe told of injuries that really were serious —that came mighty close to closing the career of movie star Jon Hall in ignominious death.

Until now, a night club brawl between two filmsters was something more or less to be ignored. Neither combatant suffered anything more than an eye of deep purple shade or an attack of injured pride.

But Jon's fractured nose, concussion of the brain, stab wounds under the chin and behind the left ear, together with a three-inch cut near the spinal cord that missed death by less than an inch, finally has stirred "The Law" to do something about this extra-curricular

Dist. Atty. Fred N. Howser has ordered his investigators to "give the matter an airing." He even hinted that the Jon Hall case may send the subject of Hollywood brawls into the staid sanctum of the grand jury.

THEN will come the full details of the house party at the home of Band Leader Tommy Dorsey, the circumstances which led up to a sly tug of Mrs. Dorsey (the former Pat Dane) and the resultant [illegible] upon Jon.

So far the story comes from the principals.

A good time had been had by all, apparently, when the party broke up at Dorsey's home in the wee hours of the morning.

It was only a few minutes before that the departing guests had waved their merry goodbyes.

Tommy Dorsey

The party had been a debut for pretty, blonde Jane Churchill, variously described as singer, actress, Kansas City society girl and third cousin of Winston Churchill. She arrived in movieland only a short time previously.

It seems that Jane forgot her purse and Jon volunteered to go back with her while she got it. Then the fun began.

Jon, according to the general version, playfully enfolded the very attractive Mrs. Dorsey in his strong arms while on the errand, whereupon fists, broken bottles, knives and sundry [illegible] really flew.

FROM there on in, it's anybody's story but Jon came out first in injuries and last in conflict—possibly to become the cause celebre in the airing of Hollywood brawls.

Actor Eddie Norris, who was waiting with Jane while Hall was on the purse-retrieving errand, somehow entered the melee only to be battered into unconsciousness. No bona fide blow-by-blow description of that is available, yet.

Said Miss Churchill of the incident:

"Tommy took offense and started swinging. Someone hit Jon on the face with a bottle. Jon was down and two or three men were kicking him.

"Eddie came in to help Jon and there was an awful battle. They turned on Eddie and knocked him down. They started kicking him and I tried to pull them away.

Jon placed a lot of the blame on Allan Smiley, who burst into the Dorsey home after the fight started and proceeded to help Dorsey. The hug of Mrs. Dorsey he explained as the placing of his hand upon her shoulder as he apologized for disturbing them to retrieve the Churchill purse.

Dorsey called me to the balcony and the first thing I knew we were in a glorious battle.

"I sure hung one on him and then I heard someone shout, 'Call Smiley!' The next thing I knew here was this vicious set of guys snarling and pummeling me with a bottle—and I was all blood.

"Could I lick Dorsey in a fair fight? What do you think? But what are you going to do when three or four other guys leap in with knives? Yes, knives."

Pointing to a 16-stitch cut on his Grecian nose, Jon inquired: "Does that look is if it were made by a flower pot?"

The Jon Hall-Tommy Dorsey-Eddie Norris fiasco bids fair to top all the Hollywood shenanigans to date, to be talked about even as much as the set-to between Actor Dick Arlen and one William Tate of Hollywood, who accused Arlen of stealing Mrs. Tate's love.

Actor Arlen and frate-husband Tate chose the open air for their tussle—and with a distinguished golf links audience that included Bing Crosby.

Blonde Jane Churchill "holds the bag" in the latest Hollywood brawl. It was the forgotten handbag which led to fisticuffs at the home of Band Leader Tommy Dorsey.

Jon Hall (right) patted the shoulder of Pat Dane (left) when he returned to a Tommy Dorsey party. Then the fun began. Jon's scars give some idea of the "fun."

While Dick nursed a bruised jaw, a cut on his forehead and a back sprain, Tate told the gendarmes that the popular actor had met Mrs. Tate on a party given by Arlen and Golf-Pro Walter Hagen a few months before.

"Ever since that time, my wife had nothing to do with me," Tate complained.

"Never heard of her," was Arlen's retort.

DICK [illegible] to sign a complaint either for assault or attempted extortion for "alienating Mrs. Tate's affections," so Tate was released.

It's 11 years now since George Raft, born the tough guy impersonation on the screen, staged a parking lot battle outside Hollywood's Brown Derby. But that was a beauty.

That one started over plastic surgery to correct a cauliflower ear. George had collected on his [illegible] as a pro fighter. The freshly bandaged, remodeled ear drew caustic comment from a Brown Derby patron, one Sam Satz, Hollywood man-about-town and nephew of a drug store magnate.

At ringside in the parking lot outside, the spectators included Carole Lombard, Jane Cowyer, Judith Allen, Mona Maris and many other pleasing-to-look-ats of the movie world.

Like many others of the Hollywood affairs, versions differed widely—it wasn't Raft, it was Ratt; it was his bodyguard, etc., and no official version emerged.

From here, though, this Dorsey-Hall-Norris affair looks a little more serious than all others and something is going to be done about it.

It may be that they don't want Hollywood to get a bad name.

Justice and the Tragedy Of the Teacher and a Don Juan

By PAUL A. HOLMES

LOVE came late in life to Grace Lusk. At 38 she was an old maid who had never had a sweetheart or wanted one. But when a suave married man, Dr. David Roberts, veterinarian and businessman, murmured to her that his wife did not understand him, she listened and believed. A lifetime of assetic respectability slipped from her middle-aged shoulders.

Miss Lusk was then a teacher in the high school at Waukesha, Wis. She had come to Waukesha in the fall of 1912 because of a nervous breakdown due to overwork in her studies. The year before she had crammed two years' work in one in order to obtain the degree of bachelor of philosophy from the University of Wisconsin.

Daughter of Dr. Albert P. Lusk, a dentist in Stoughton, Wis., Grace was born in 1878 and was graduated from the high school in 1895. The family sent her for one year to the Normal School at Whitewater, Wis.

She got a teaching job the next year in Menominee Falls, Wis., and after three years she had saved enough money to spend a year in the Milwaukee Normal School. She went back to Menominee Falls then and taught in the high school for two years.

There followed eight years of teaching in Milwaukee, in the second, third, fourth grades of the lower school. In the summers she attended summer sessions at the University of Chicago. She studied German, Latin and French under private tutors.

Her purpose in study, Dr. Lusk told her pastor, the Rev. Charles Lincoln Goodell, was to become a Latin teacher in the high schools. And one summer she went abroad to study the schools of England, Scotland and Ireland. On her return she wrote a scholarly report which she presented to the Milwaukee School Board.

HER NERVOUS breakdown came after she had stood proudly in cap and gown to receive her diploma from the University of Wisconsin. She went to Waukesha because she had a friend, Miss Bianca Mills, who owned a home there and who invited her for a visit.

When the city had emergency need for a teacher from time to time, Miss Lusk was called in to substitute. In the fall of 1914, two years after her arrival in Waukesha, she was offered a regular teaching job in the high school and accepted it.

By this time she had met Dr. Roberts.

The first meeting had taken place at a dinner party in 1913. Dr. Roberts, then 50 and the husband of the former Mary Newman, owned a prosperous factory which manufactured remedies for farm animals. He had written books on animal care and had served a term as state veterinarian.

AT THEIR first meeting, Dr. Roberts and Miss Lusk chatted diffidently, and the schoolteacher mentioned that she had been called upon to teach a class in agriculture and found it chiffon, because she knew very little about it.

The doctor said he had a book which might be helpful to her and asked if he might present it. A few days later she met him on the street near his office and he asked her to wait while he stepped in and got the book.

Dr. Roberts began in March 1913. Because the high school was crowded, Miss Lusk had been established in a room at the Y. M. C. A. where she conducted her classes. To this classroom came Dr. Roberts one spring day carrying in his hands the manuscript of a "cow book" he had just written. He wanted the teacher's help, he said, in editing this manuscript.

He sat beside her while she glanced through the typewritten pages. They talked about cows, but before long Dr. Roberts was talking more about himself than he was about his book.

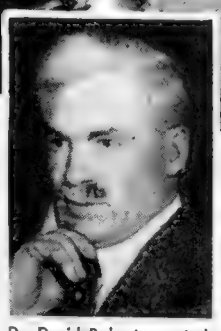
He pictured himself as desolate, unloved and unhappy in his home life, the defense attorney, Henry Lockney, told the jury at the trial.

Miss Lusk listened sympathetically. She learned that Dr. Roberts was childless and that he blamed this sad fact on his wife's aversion to childbearing.

Dr. Roberts leaning over Miss Lusk's desk as he talked suddenly bent low and kissed her on the lips. It was the first kiss of love in her 38 years.

Schoolteacher Grace Lusk at time of trial.

Mrs. Mary Roberts died at the hands of her love rival.



Dr. David Roberts, central figure in tragic triangle.

Startled, she drew back, but Roberts kissed her again.

"And what did you do, Miss Lusk?" her counsel asked her in the crowded courtroom where the tragic story of her thwarted love was blazoned to the world three years later.

Miss Lusk's chin came up firmly as she stared into the prying eyes of the avid trial fans, her neighbors and former students among them.

"I kissed him back," she said.

Conferences between the two over the "cow book" became frequent after school hours in the next few weeks. Miss Lusk in the trial pictured Roberts as a fast worker.

MISS LUSK undertook the editing of the "cow book" and soon discovered that the work would necessitate a trip to Chicago for a conference with the printing house which was to publish the book. She and Dr. Roberts went to Chicago, but they took separate trains and went to separate hotels. It was to be strictly a business trip.

Pertinent testimony in regard to this trip by Atty. Lockney was:

Q. What happened? A. He came to my room with the manuscript.

Q. What did you do then? A. We went out to dinner. He came back and went to my room.

Q. What did he say to you? A.—He said he loved me. He kissed me many times.

Q. Did you see him the next morning? A. Yes, in my room. And after I'd gone shopping—at my room. He made love to me all the time.

The lines were down. Miss Lusk had overcome her fear. She gave it all the passionate zeal she had given her pursuit of learning. As the weeks went on her friends commented that she was growing younger. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. She began doing her hair attractively and discarded old-maid clothes.

After the return from the first Chicago trip the pair saw each other very often. Miss Lusk said in the trial.

Trips to Chicago became frequent. They occurred on an average of once a month, occasionally being varied by journeys to Milwaukee. They patronized most of the hotels in Chicago's loop, the Congress, Morrison, Sherman and Grand Pacific being among those mentioned. They dined out in the city's night spots. They took in the shows.

After a year, their affection for each other was greater than ever, Miss Lusk testified. She was asked if she noticed any change in his feeling for her during 1916, and replied, "I did. He seemed to think more of me all the time."

During this year, she said, she saw him almost every day and he telephoned her at least once a day. He often told her he would divorce his wife and marry her, she said, but he always made excuses for not taking any steps in this direction.

When he was to tell his wife about his love for another woman and ask her for his freedom became, early in 1917, a subject of constant argument between the lovers.

Finally on an automobile ride [illegible] the Wisconsin countryside in the spring of 1917, Roberts told the teacher he had decided he never could bring himself to ask his wife for a divorce.

MISS LUSK'S temper flared. She struck the doctor in the face. Before they came back [illegible], the pair, however, [illegible] had kissed and made up, according to Miss Lusk and Dr. Roberts, and he had given a promise to [illegible] Mrs. Roberts every thing.

In May Dr. Roberts told her one evening that he was going to take a trip East to attend a meeting of stockbreeders and that he intended to take his wife along. She said she would expect him to ask his wife for a divorce before his expected return to Waukesha about June 15.

Halfheartedly, Dr. Roberts said he would try to find the courage. Miss Lusk didn't believe him but before they parted they made a date to meet the following day in the Wisconsin Hotel in Milwaukee. When she reached her room, Miss Lusk took out paper and pen and wrote a letter to the woman who, she thought, stood between her and supreme happiness.

IN MILWAUKEE she dropped the letter into a mailbox, then went to the Wisconsin Hotel and waited for her lover. He came, amorous as ever, assuring her that things would eventually work out for them.

She pushed him from her, however, and told him she would be satisfied with nothing less than his oath upon a Bible that he would break with his wife before June 15. When he temporized, she opened her purse and brought out the gun, pointing it at him with fingers which did not waiver.

Dr. Roberts looked into the muzzle of the gun and into his sweetheart's deadly pale face.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll swear."

She indicated the Bible which lay on the writing desk. At her direction Dr. Roberts placed his left hand upon the book of Holy Writ, and with his right hand held above his head he repeated after her a solemn oath to ask his wife for a divorce.

"What did you do then?" her lawyer asked.

"I put down the gun and went over and put my arms around his neck," she answered. "I told him he didn't need to keep the oath if he didn't want to. I told him about the letter I had mailed and to intercept it."

DR. ROBERTS and his wife did not get back from their eastern trip until June 4. It was a nervous and worried Don Juan who went to his office his first day back in the city. He had told Mrs. Roberts nothing about Miss Lusk, for he had decided definitely to break off his affair with the schoolteacher after he had been able to intercept her letter to his wife.

He had been at his desk only a few minutes when Miss Lusk called him. He said he was too busy to talk and hung up abruptly. It was an evasion which only protracted his torture. That night, when he sat at dinner with his wife, the doorbell rang. He opened the door to find Miss Lusk confronting him.

Hastily the doctor stepped out of the house and closed the door. He took Miss Lusk's arm and walked her away from the house. When she protested at his harshness, he asked frigidly, "What did you expect, Miss Lusk?"

He amended the "Miss Lusk" to "Grace" when they were out of earshot from the house, and cautiously asked the teacher if she had brought her gun with her. He breathed a sigh of relief at her negative answer.

"He walked part way home with me through the park," she testified. "I told him that if he no longer cared for me he should say so now, and that would end it all, but he said he did and kissed me."

DR. ROBERTS could now no longer evade his long postponed talk with his wife about his affair with the schoolteacher. Before he reached home, Mrs. Roberts had been to the telephone and had called Miss Lusk to ask where her husband was. The two women had made a date to meet the next morning in Miss Lusk's classroom to talk things over.

Dr. Roberts did not tell his wife he wanted a divorce. Instead, he told her that Miss Lusk was infatuated with him and was "chasing him."

Grimly, Mrs. Roberts vowed to put an end to such goings on.

In her room that night, Miss Lusk once again took up her pen to write to her rival.

Into this new letter, the frenzied woman poured out the bitterness of her soul and taunted Mrs. Roberts with her husband's asserted lack of interest in her.

The letter was not signed. Stained with the blood of its author, shed in an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, it was found in her room after her arrest.

ON THE morning of the next day, June 21, 1917, Miss Lusk kept watch from her classroom window for the approach of Mrs. Roberts. Finally she saw her, but as the married woman reached the door, Dr. Roberts appeared out of nowhere, talked volubly with her and led her away.

"I tried to keep them apart as long as possible," he testified later. But it was no use. Miss Lusk went home at noon for lunch and was alone in Miss Bianca Mills' brown stucco house when Mrs. Roberts, having broken away from her frantic husband, rang the bell.

For what took place in this final, fatal interview we have only the testimony of Grace Lusk.

"My husband has told me you are the damndest fool he has ever known," was the way Miss Lusk said Mrs. Roberts began the talk, continuing, "You have

Continued on Page 13

Socialites Work Long Hours for Red Cross

By ALICE WILLIAMS

IF THERE IS A DEARTH OF SOCIAL NEWS . . . and there is, we can assure you . . . there is one reason for it that is very praiseworthy. That the shortage of gas, and the rationing program may be blamed for some curtailing of entertainment, but the main reason for few parties is that most women with the leisure and the means to entertain graciously are working like Trojans for the war effort.

We can't hope to name all the women who are volunteering hours every day to the Red Cross . . . under Chairman of Volunteers Harriet A. Robson, hundreds of them are doing quiet wonders. Mrs. William B. Snow, Jr., is chairman of staff assistants . . . Mrs. Stephen Paine works on the switchboard . . . Mrs. Warren Bigelow at the canteen . . . Mrs. G. L. Dinsmore is captain of the motor corps . . . Mrs. Richard Eustace gives her time to the mobile canteen, which provides hot food for boys on lonely outposts. At headquarters also are Mrs. Charles K. Cobb, Mrs. Preston B. Stevens, Jennie Dupee and Dorothy Joy, who work all day.

Mrs. Thomas Beale and Mrs. Phister Cowan supervise the home nursing program . . . Mrs. Stanley Whipple's job is surgical dressings . . . Mrs. Edward Cunningham and Mrs. Walworth Pierce are canteen workers . . . Mrs. Homer Albers is a staff assistant, Mrs. Henry K. Cushing is on the switchboard.

Other faithful workers are Mrs. Stephen Wheatland, Mrs. Gilbert Horax, Mrs. Kingsbury Browne, Mrs. Philip Armada, Mrs. Martin Hannan, Mrs. Henry B. Saunders, Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer and Lydia Evans of the speakers' bureau, Mrs. Joseph R. Hamlen, wife of the Red Cross chairman (mobile canteen) and Mrs. Edward A. Taft, canteen.

Workers at the Blood Bank

EVER since the blood donor center opened, Mrs. Thomas Bittenbender (the former Leslie Blake) has been one of its most dependable workers . . . and she will be missed when she leaves for Seattle this week. Her husband, Lt. Tommy Bittenbender, is back from Saipan and is hospitalized there with dengue fever. Les will visit with him for a few months, or until he goes back to sea. Incidentally, she and the other workers at the blood donor center have given quarts and quarts of their own blood as well as hundreds of hours of time and work.

Among the workers here are Mary Amory of Boston and Beverly Farms, who will wed Theodore C. Baker, USA, on Labor Day . . . Mrs. Lawrence Morgan . . . platinum-haired Kay Curtis, attractive Priscilla Hunnewell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold W. Hunnewell . . . Mrs. Bob Almy of Dedham and Mrs. Frederick Bradlee.

Other workers at the blood donor center are Mrs. Roger Lee, Mrs. Gurdon Buck, Mrs. Herbert Jacques, Mrs. B. Harrison Ragle, and Mrs. Paul Courtenay, who is now recruiting for a blood bank at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Nurses' Aides Graduate

QUITE a few socially prominent girls and matrons were among the graduates of the Nurses' Aide Course who received their certificates Thursday night . . . all of whom have put in 80 hours of study and training and have pledged themselves to devote at least 150 hours a year to working in a hospital.

Mrs. Frank G. Allen, chairman of the Nurses' Aide Corps, presided at the graduation, and introduced Charlotte Rantoul, who recently returned from overseas duty with the Red Cross and told of her experiences . . . Charlotte is one of Boston's most clever and attractive post-debs.

Elizabeth Breed of Chestnut Hill, Edith Cunningham of Dedham, and Susan Inches of Chestnut Hill are among the girls who will be aides . . . probably the most worthy of all volunteer work, as it is arduous, often unpleasant and menial, and it relieves the serious nurse shortage and releases registered nurses for the armed services.

Others in the class were Allison Kelsey, Mrs. Allen Stoddard of Cambridge, Barbara Meade Fischer of Hollis-ton . . . Jane Alice of Cambridge, Rose Beebe of Weston, Mary Gaskill of Belmont and Helen Hope Williams.

Lt. Philbrook Weds Spokane Girl

MR. AND MRS. ERNEST VALOIS PRICE OF Spokane, Wash., have announced the recent marriage of their daughter, Phyllis Price Muller, to Lt. William Edwin Philbrook, A. U. S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Verne Haven Philbrook of West Newton, at Ft. Wright, Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. Philbrook attended Whitman College and is a graduate of the University of Michigan. She is a member of Delta Gamma Sorority.

Lt. Philbrook is a graduate of Dartmouth College and attended the School of Public Administration, Littauer Center, Harvard. He is a member of Chi Phi and is at present stationed at Seattle, Wash.

Gala Show At Wianno

[illegible] Aug. 18 will be a red letter day at the Wianno Club of the Cape when on that date the "Gala Evening" for the benefit of the Gertrude Lawrence Branch of the American Theatre Wing will be held.

Among the top-ranking stars who will appear on the program are Lt. of Naval star of The Voice of the Battle . . . Dorothy Sarnoff, famed star and Noel Coward's original comedy star.

Miss Lenya will introduce a song "All's Well, Mademoiselle" written especially for Gertrude Lawrence in recognition of her wonderful work for the Allies, and presented to her on D-Day . . . song which, it is predicted, will be the most popular song to come out of the war.

Miss Lawrence ("Gertie" to the boys overseas) is now in Normandy, after covering more than 4000 miles in the British Isles and the Allied service-men.

Mrs. Whitcomb to Give Hingham Tea

MRS CHESTER WHITMAN of South Lane, Hingham, is opening her home for a bridge to be held by the past presidents of the Catholic Woman's Club of Hingham on Saturday afternoon on the spacious lawn.

Assisting Mrs. John J. Crowley, as general chairman, are Mrs. Willis B. Downey, Mrs. Francis J. Murray, Mrs. Hugh Smith, Mrs. Herbert Kearns and Nellie Fee.

Among those who have made reservations to attend this party and food sale are Mrs. Frank McGuire, Mrs. Edward Terkleson, Mrs. John Howley, Mrs. Kenneth Backman, Mrs. Joseph Hennessey, Gertrude Downing and Mrs. Gerald Bruen.

Among those who have made James Hawley, Mrs. Francis Murray, Mrs. David Shannon, Mary Murray, Mrs. William Cronin, Mrs. Peter Fallon, Mrs. Helen Edmunds, Mrs. James Parrish, Mrs. Harry Lee and Mrs. John Quinn.

ATTRACTIVE Kay Salt of Chestnut Hill tries to point out something of interest at the Longwood Cricket Club, but little Sandy Lockwood is more interested in the Sunday Advertiser cameraman.

Concert Series Opens Tonight and Monday

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL HALL is air-conditioned . . . which should be a factor in the success of the new series of four concerts to be given there on successive Sunday and Monday evenings by players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Bernard Zighera.

Tonight's program, which will be repeated tomorrow night at 8:30, will include the Bach concerto No. 3 in G. Major, Mozart's Serenade in C Minor, Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," with Mary Davenport, contralto, as soloist, and Martinu's "Tre Ricercari," with Rita LaPlante and Leo Litwin as soloists.

Miss Fliegelman Is Engaged

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fliegelman of Mattapan have announced the engagement of their daughter, Natalie, to Norman Harold Cohen, USA, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cohen of Dorchester. The bridegroom-elect is a graduate of Boston University and is now stationed at Camp Pickett, Va. A fall furlough wedding is planned.

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Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

MARBLEHEAD WAS VERY GAY LAST WEEK, the annual yacht races being the occasion for many enthusiasts to meet their friends and have fun for the first time in months . . . So busy with war work are most of us these days that the rare social events seem ever so festive.

Also prominent among the young fry were Corrine Viberg . . . Steve and Rex Smithwick, sons of Dr. and Mrs. Reginald H. Smithwick . . . and the Frank G. Allen's children, Marjorie and Frank, Jr.

Bigger boats were handled by Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Loring of Beverly (Rosemary Merrill), whose boat is the Compano . . . Mrs. John S. Lawrence of Beverly Farms, with her Moose . . . Mrs. Arnold Wood, the former Barbara Bloomsfield, in the Sara . . . and Edwin Ginn of Mt. Vernon st. and the North Shore.

Race Week Glimpses

The dance at the Corinthian Yacht Club Wednesday night was a gala affair, with everyone doubly happy because the weather man had smiled so far on race week . . . Among those seen at the races and dance were young . . . and Mrs. Larz Anderson . . . the latter a stunning brunette.

Other familiar faces were those of the O'Day family of Swampscott . . . Mr. and Mrs. John and daughters Ann and Mary (Mrs. Jansen Noyes) . . . Also the Thayer Quinbys of Boston . . . Daniel Watson and his charming daughter, Marjorie . . . Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Fall on with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Haley.

Also on the Marblehead scene were Robert Leeson . . . Betsy Shurtleff Wheeler . . . vivacious, dark-haired Peggy Whitney over from Nahant . . . the Porter Johnsons and the Hosmer Johnsons, the latter with their daughter, Emily . . . and the Eugene T. Connellys of Salem and Marblehead with their attractive trio of daughters, blonde Barbara, red-haired Ellen and brunette Peggy.

Tournament Week Starts Tuesday

USHERED in with a round of social gatherings at the club, and many dinner and cocktail parties, Tournament Week gets under way at the Longwood Cricket Club on Tuesday . . . and while we will miss the foreign competitors, there will be plenty of excitement on the program for New England tennis fans.

Three of our local young smart-setters have been invited by Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman . . . who is in charge of the tournament . . . to participate this week . . . They are Ruth Carter, who last week won the women's crown of the club, Virginia Boyer and Mrs. Helen Wynne, both of Newton, and Katherine Hubbell of Longwood.

The women's invitation tournament will be headed by National Champion Pauline Betz and will include the top-ranking feminine players of the United States.

Luncheon for Barbara Ginn

NEXT WEDNESDAY will be a double-starred day for George Washington Helm, USN, for he gets his commission as an ensign in the morning and will be married to Barbara Ginn in the afternoon.

Mary Thayer of Wellesley Farms . . . who will be maid of honor for Barbara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ginn of Mt. Vernon st. . . . will give a luncheon Tuesday at the Junior League for the bride-elect and her attendants . . . They are Sally Tuttle of Jamaica Plain, Jane Faulkner of Cambridge, Joan M. Cagg of Chestnut st. and Leontine Lyle of New York city . . . and the ushers' dinner is Tuesday night at the Owl Club at Harvard . . . The wedding will be in St. John's Chapel in Cambridge.

Bostonians At Quebec

MRS. JAMES PHELAN and two daughters of Bossert st., Lynn, are spending a week at the Manoir Richelieu in swank Murray Bay, Quebec, after taking a cruise of the Saguenay. Quite a few Bay Staters are vacationing in the Canadian resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Lowney of 10 Dow st., Salem, are at the Manoir, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George B. Caldway of 21 Fort[illegible] Yarmouth, Me.

Mrs. John Lyons and two daughters, Marion and Gertrude, of 22 Elmhurst Ave., Arlington, are there for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Davis of Auburn, Mass., are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Snyder of Auburn, at the Manoir Richelieu. They are attending the annual tennis tournament which will conclude Saturday with the finals and an exhibition match.

MRS. JOHN FRANCIS BEATTIE, formerly Jacqueline ("Jackie") Harrington Coogan of Miami, Fla., one of our recent brides . . . she was married recently to Lt. (j.g.) Francis Beattie, son of John and Dr. Mary Moore Beattie of Brighton

Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

RESORTERS ARE UTILIZING EVERY MINUTE of their vacation days at the many quaint and scenic towns along the Maine coast. Despite the tendency to relax . . . vacationers are pitching in and doing their part to aid the "townies" with their Red Cross work and other war activities.

In honor of his 58th birthday, Paul Camp, proprietor of the Ocean House at York Beach, was given a gala party attended by Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Leve of Brookline, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Coffey of Jamaica Plain.

Exhibiting his watercolors at the Gallery at Goose Rocks Beach is Carl N. Schmalz, Jr., of Belmont.

Down at Kennebunkport to attend the wedding of Amelia Alice Belmont of Montreal, and Ernest Lyle Seely, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seely, of Somerville, were Edith and Dorothy Brown, Marion C. Rogers and George Ward of Waltham, Marion L. Chapin of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Smith of Everett, Mrs. Fred Pfluger of Reston, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seely of Somerville.

* * *

AT "SUMMERBY," Kennebunkport, for the remainder of the season are Mrs. William Matthews and young son, Billy, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Matthews, all of Winchester.

Also here are Mrs. John Murphy of Andover . . . Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Barnard, with their daughters Nancy and Patricia, also of Andover . . . and Mrs. Mary A. Casey of Cambridge.

Vacationing at Kennebunk are Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Marshall of Brookline, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Petts of Winchester are at the "Atlantis" at Kennebunk Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walworth of Andover, and Mrs. J. B. Shattuck of Worcester, are also among the resorters.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy J. Sheehan and family, of Worcester, are at Ocean Park for the month of August.

Rev. Ralph Hayden and family of Pittsfield are sojourning at Megunticook Lake. At Ogunquit are Mrs. Francis Lloyd, and daughters, Martha and Gertrude of Somerville.

Down for his vacation at Searsport is Ralph Countie of Newton Center.

* * *

FORTUNES ROCKS is a popular spot these days with Mr and Mrs. John Fitzgerald of Boston, with their daughter Alice, at "Glan - Y - Moor." Recent arrivals at "Tanner Inn" here include Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hardy of Waban; Mrs. H. Gould, and son, Richard; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Nickerson of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Ashley and Midshipman D. L. Ashley of Waban.

From Arlington, are George S. Donahue . . . Mr. and Mrs. John A. O'Brien of Worcester . . . and Mrs. Linwood Farington, and son, David, of Chelmsford, are registered at Tanners.

* * *

SUMMER VISITORS are anticipating a gala day on Tuesday when the vacationers will attend the midway set up on the main street for the benefit of the hospital. In the evening a "Hospital Hop" will be held and a community supper will be featured. Mrs. Bradley Dewey of Cambridge is chairman of the summer residents' committee in charge of the special hospital fund.

Spending their honeymoon at Camp Alari, Soo Nipi Park, are Mr. and Mrs. Morton M. Holbrook of Wellesley Hills. Mr. and Mrs. John Kneeland of West Medford, are at "The Little One," Bowles Park.

Bay Staters are among those elected as officers of the Cottage Owners Ass'n of Blodgetts' Landing, and include George Draper of Springfield, president; Dr. Clark Doubleday of Boston, treasurer; Harold Munton of Boston, auditor; William McGlone, Mrs. Gladys Obey and George Starritt, all of Boston, committee members.

Mrs. Fred Tucker of Andover is the guest of Mrs. Wendell P. Keene at Pike's Crossing . . . Mrs. Rodman Nichols of Salem is at Brookfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nelson of Atlantic, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Owen, Patricia and Arthur Owen of Wollaston are enjoying Hill-Top at Water Village . . . Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Church of Boston are at the Bald Peak Colony Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour H. Fracker of Waltham, and Walter S. Fracker, Jr., of Melrose, joined the Fracker family in Freedom last week.

The Donald Stevenses of West Medford are guests of Mrs. Frank D. Stevens at Milton Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ballard, Mrs. Georgiana Porter of Swampscott are at Broad Acres, North Wolfeboro, while Mrs. Wilbur K. Dickinson and Mrs. Dora Bradley of Lynn, and Mrs. Charles Southworth of Swampscott, are visiting the Frederick Mowatts at Fair Acres.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph D. Thompson and their daughter, Cynthia, of Newton Highlands, are occupying a cottage at Winter Harbor . . . Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowering and their three children have come from Wollaston to a cottage in the Narrows.

ESCAPING the heat by resorting to the pool at the adjacent Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline are two attractive sisters, Marie and Helen Guerra, of Chestnut Hill, who daily take their dip here.

Nantucket Homes On Exhibition

FOLKS FROM ALL sections of Massachusetts are sojourning in the perfectly delightful vacation spot . . . Nantucket Island. The calendar of the resorters has two red-letter events scheduled for this week when on Thursday all will attend the Hustlers' annual sale, to be held on Main st.

To add the Nantucket Hospital . . . visitors will have a gay time visiting the many beautiful and quaint houses that will be open to the public on Friday.

* * *

From Wollaston, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Denlin and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Denlin are here.

Recent arrivals from Springfield include Mr. and Mrs. Albert R. Mitchell, and daughter Marcella.

Gymkhana on North Shore

FOR ALL ON THE North Shore, yesterday was a red letter day for resorters from all the near-by towns ticked to the gala Gymkhana held on the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin B. Davis in beautiful Beckport.

Not only did a very worthy charity . . . the Rescue Ships . . . benefit greatly from this most successful affair, but a good time was had by all.

During the afternoon from 3-5, tea was served by Mrs. Robert Pallery, assisted by Mrs. Gerrion Sackett. Presiding over the food table were Mrs. Alice Brown and Mrs. St. Clair Jones, with Mrs. Thomas J. Starr, Mrs. Max Kuehne, Camille Freund and Mrs. John Jansen, serving at gift booth.

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Visitors at N. H. Lake

THE WEIRS . . . On Lake Winnipesaukee . . . is a favorite [illegible] this season. Among those sporting [illegible] are Mr. and Mrs. George [illegible], Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lee and Ann G. Wagner of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Southmayd of Cambridge, [illegible] at the Rust Island.

On Winnisquam Lake at Wawas Lodge vacationers are Alma M. Pelkey and Estelle L. Nilson of West Medford; Ellen C. Foley, Anna Wischmann and Evelyn B. Shattuck of Somerville; Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Murphy of Arlington; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bolton of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Purnell of Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lewis of East Braintree; and Eleanor Lyons of Belmont.

Jane Webster of Andover is a [illegible] at the Leo Wood Shop on Beacon Street in aid of Boston Hospital Friday and Saturday.

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Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Margaret A. Kirk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kirk of High st., Charlestown, has recently completed her initial training with the Marines at Parris Island and now has been assigned to the present marine station at Pensacola, Fla. She was employed by the War Labor Board at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

* * *

Lt. Mary H. Thibault, A. N. C., of Faywood ave., East Boston, has been assigned for duty at Camp Grant Ill. Lt. Thibeault took her training in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton.

* * *

Having been stationed at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., Pvt. Catherine R. Brooks of 147 Easton st., Boston, has been assigned to Gardner Field, N. H.

* * *

SPAR Eugenia Forster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Forster of Lexington st., East Boston, has completed her boot training at the U. S. Coast Guard Station in Palm Beach, Fla., and has been assigned to New York for a few days. She attended East Boston High School, and has a brother, William, in the Army overseas.

* * *

A graduate of the Carney Hospital School of Nursing, Lt. Angela M. Russo, A. N. C., of 173 Endicott st., Boston, has been assigned for duty at Camp Grant, Illinois.

* * *

Assigned for active duty to the Coast Guard headquarters in Washington, D. C., is SPAR Ruth Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Edith Robinson of Lester st., Mattapan. S 2c Robinson has just completed her training at U. S. Coast Guard Training Station in Palm Beach, Fla.

* * *

Pvts. Constantina Douras of Lynn, Rita L. Bourque of Amesbury, and Elizabeth M. Rees of Dexter have been assigned for duty at the First Naval District, Boston, where they will serve in the USCG.

* * *

Lt. Lois R. Crane, A. N. C., of Commonwealth ave., Allston, has received her orders to report for duty at Camp Grant, Illinois. She took her training at the Passavant State Hospital. She has a brother in the Air Service Command and two nephews in the Army.

* * *

At Elgin Field, Florida, is Pvt. Martha E. Carmen, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Menard of Center st., West Roxbury, where she is attached to the WAC detachment.

BARBARA ELLEN HOWARD of Bartlett rd., Winthrop, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Webster Howard, formerly of Wellesley, pictured with her fiance, Lt. James H. Schmidt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schmidt, also of Winthrop, who is enjoying a leave at home, having just won his wings at Napier Field, Alabama. Jim's dad is on the art staff of the Record-American-Sunday Advertiser, and the family are leaving for Dennisport where they will all celebrate the lieutenant's leave.

Vacationers Enjoy Life at Cape Resorts

CAPE COD . . . ALWAYS a favorite spot with Bay Staters . . . is certainly enjoying a banner season. Vacationing at Dennisport are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collins of Dorchester, who have with them their family, Francis, Claire and Joyce. Mrs. Collins has as her house guest her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. John McWeeney, of Washington, D. C. Also, her aunt, Mrs. Henry J. Dixon of Dorchester.

* * *

At Falmouth Heights were the James Murphys of Belmont. Down for her vacation was their daughter, Margaret, active member of the Regis Alumnae, who was a daily swimmer at the Heights beach.

Also in Falmouth for the season are Mrs. Arthur W. Bell of Boston and Mrs. Edward N. Fenno. Others summering here include Mrs. Carl Coppage, Mrs. Joe V. Meigs, Mrs. Irvin M. Garfield, Mrs. Henry Harris and Mrs. Lombard Williams.

Gay Season at Kennebunk Beach

MAINE'S MANY beautiful long, sandy beaches are attracting an increasing number of resorters from the Bay State.

Among the holiday crowd at Fiesta View Beach are Kathleen and Elizabeth Lynch of South Hadley.

Summering at Kennebunk Beach are Mrs. Gertrude McVane and son, Joseph, of East Milton. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacDonald of Everett . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Alburn J. Connell and daughter, Carol Ann, of Wakefield.

Mrs. Florence Stover and Ruth and Florence Leetch of Arlington have joined the Cape Neddick colony.

Bay Staters at Summer Spots

TOMORROW A GIRLS Scout Conference will open at the Lucerne Tavern, continuing through Friday. Among the guests at the tavern are Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Constanteau of Lowell.

Week-ending at Alton Bay Inn on Lake Winnipesaukee . . . are Florence Langone of Medford, a Boston journalist, and Edith DeMinico, of Boston, who were recent visitors in York Beach and Portsmouth.

Way up on Steele Hill, at Sanbornton, arrivals at the Inn include Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Conwell, of Swampscott; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hope, Mrs. G. W. Flint of Melrose, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. ames of Dummer Academy, South Byfield, and Ralph Thompson of Brookline.

Miss A. Anderson and Phyllis of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Marsh of Brockton, Mr. and Mrs. David MacIntyre of Wollaston are at Winnipesaukee Farm.

Taking time off at Graystone Inn are Dorothy Snow, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Downes, Mr. and Mrs. William Donnelly of Newton, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Warburton of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Tyler and John Tyler of Waltham and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Laing of Quincy.

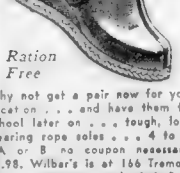
Kings Grant Inn guests from the Bay State are Rita Belmont of Melrose, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reddie of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paugh, Mrs. F. G. Hanson of Lynn; the William Engels and Isabel Thompson of West Roxbury.

The O'Connell's At Dennisport

SUMMERING AT Dennisport on the Cape are Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Connell of Chicopee who are here with their youngsters, Robin and David.

Mr. O'Connell is the distinguished Symphony conductor as well as author of the "Victor Book of the Symphony." Last week he took Mr. Fiedler's place at the Esplanade concert.

New Fall "Ropesters" at Wilbar's, $3.98



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Dorothy Lamour in "Beyond The Blue Horizon"

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LADY ASSISTANT IN ATTENDANCE

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
120 Boylston Street, Boston
Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Daily and by Appointment

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

IT'S the woman with the young-looking face that's going to be able to keep up with new century clothes, which from all appearances, hark back to the first 10 years of 1900 and their modes which made the feminine ideal every inch a woman. Otherwise, well, you'll see for yourself.

And, to keep the skin younger and healthier, look smoother and softer, there is a dream-cream discovery containing a respiratory factor to stimulate the everslowing respiration of the skin, continuosly diminishing the older we get. The importance of skin respiration is a scientific fact.

But, now to have a cosmetic which incorporates a scientific element to stimulate skin respiration to act in a more youthful manner and reduce the effect of toxic agents is proof sufficient of the advance of cosmetic science and the reason why so many of us "past thirty" gals don't look our age.

This advanced cosmetic cream, and there is a lotion to be used for daytime, contains not only the correct and carefully balanced proportions of luxurious emollient oils, but, in addition, it contains 2000 units of respiratory biodynes, those high-sounding chemical necessities, which give suppleness and dewy softness to the skin.

This new-found substance, actually extracted from living cells, has the power to stimulate respiration of the skin, without which your face would become withered and as wrinkled as a prune. Let your mirror tell you if you need this dream-come-true cream and after you've used it for overnight treatment, let the reflector show you the new-found radiance, freshness and youthfulness that has come into your complexion.

For the name of this advanced cosmetic cream and day lotion, phone the Beauty Dept., LIBerty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Pattern

Pattern 9352 comes in junior miss sizes: 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. Size 13 requires 2¾ yards 35-inch. Bows optional.

This pattern, together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, 20 cents. Send in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Department, 232 West 18th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

Esther and Mate Part

Continued from Page 3

didn't want to deprive her of the chance to win further laurels.

If the movie moguls had the idea that Esther was bluffing they found out quickly that she meant all those clauses in the contract. She began intensive study with Lillian Burns, dramatic coach, and half a dozen charm specialists began teaching her to walk correctly, speak clearly and smile for the camera.

Both she and her husband were determined that she was not going to be exploited just for her flawless form. It is no secret that many screen actresses, even some stars, can't act for sour apples, but they are beautiful of face and figure, and are cast in roles where they wear sarongs or other garments best calculated to bring out their best points. Esther Williams would have none of this procedure.

WHEN SHE felt she was ready for a screen test, no less a person than Clark Gable offered to act in it with her. He had come to know her on the set, and undoubtedly admired her independence as well as her modesty.

The test was all and more than her bosses had hoped for, after it was over she thought Gable was wonderful (who doesn't?) and he was emphatic in his admiration for her. The studio moguls went into a huddle and then told her she was to play an important role in Gable's next film.

Once again, Esther jolted them out of their Jovian calm. She rejected the role, regretfully; she was not yet ready to play such an important part, she said.

She did accept, a bit later, a featured role in the Hardy family series with Mickey Rooney. Like Lana Turner, Kathryn Grayson, Donna Reed and others, she played the sweet siren for whom the impressionable Andy was ready to sacrifice all.

She did so well that she is now being co-starred with Red Skelton, and bigger things are being planned for her. We recall that at the time she made the Hardy film she said:

"Leonard doesn't mind my being in pictures any more. He says it keeps me amused and out of trouble. But he's a typical husband. He wants me home when he's home."

Apparently, though they both tried, it didn't work out. Chalk it up to another divorce that was nobody's fault, just the conflict of woman's right to a career versus her husband's right to a home life.

4 Beauty Extras

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS LOOK LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING OR SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES.** Try Military Red, rich, glowing, admired by beauty editors. 6 other shades.

Do long wear size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 35c. Tax extra. Matching powder and rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores.

On The Side

BY E. V. DURLING

Get all Ray Perkins broadcasts

AN automobile that will run sideways and thus be easily parked in a narrow space. That is promised for after the war. This brings to mind a much discussed question. Why is it there is hardly a woman alive who can park an automobile quickly in a narrow space? This baffles even females who are otherwise skillful drivers. Is it because women are poor judges of distance? Or because they lack patience? Or what?

* * *

Did I say there was only one natural red-haired star in Hollywood? I was wrong. There are two. Greer Garson is one of them. Miss Garson's first name is her mother's maiden name. Was Greer's love for her mother that made her a film star. Greer was a big hit on the London stage and she refused to try the films. She refused offer after offer. She was finally talked into signing a film contract by a producer who said that California's climate would add years to her mother's life. Greer's father died when she was 4 months old.

* * *

QUERIES from Louis Q. Dudley Victor Herbert wrote the song "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss." A. This appealing ballad was written by a Paris cafe owner named Nelson Eyesher. Q. Mr. ——— recently held eight aces in a thirty-handed game of pinochle. Isn't that something? A. It certainly is. Did your uncle have his coat off and his sleeves rolled up at the time? A. A catty brunette has been trying to tell me, a blonde, that the wild, wanton and wicked Lucrezia Borgia was a blonde. I claim she was a brunette. A.—Lucretia Borgia was a blonde. However, don't feel too badly. History reveals there were also some wild, wicked and wanton brunettes.

* * *

*A pepper corn of mirth
But mixed in a fine dinner
More than all other condiments
Although 'tis sprinkled thinner.
Just so a little woman
If love will let you wed her
There's not a joy in all the world
You will not find within her.*

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA
(From In Praise of Little Women)

* * *

Note: "Steve" Brodie described as "the first man to jump from Brooklyn Bridge." That's not right. The first man to make that jump was a Brooklynite named Robert F. Odlum. He lost his life as a result . . . Is generally believed what a man likes to do he does best. Yet many people have been highly successful in doing things they do not like. Take the celebrated Flier Robert Wyndham who once said: "I have been flying for 25 years, 8 months and 16 days. I have flown 117 different types of aircraft and I hate flying. Of course, some of it was fun, the Spitfires and the Mosquitoes, but most of it was boring and some of it frightening."

* * *

A LOVING young wife is going to give her husband a watch for his birthday. She asks for a suitable inscription for the gift. How about "At any hour of the day I love you." That is the inscription on a watch Charlie Brown of London received from his wife on his fiftieth birthday. Charlie was highly pleased to get a watch for his birthday though he already has about four thousand watches. He is a collector of unusual watches. He carries sixteen watches with him at all times. One in each lapel of his coat; one in each of his cuff links; a triangular watch in a chain; one in his pencil, another in his cigarette lighter. Then he has a watch in his cigarette case and one in his diamond ring, one on each wrist and five in his pockets.

* * *

Hears of a cocky Texas Gunner who just said: "Give this little girl a hand." But who was the "little girl" she was speaking of at that time? It was Katy Keeler, who started as a night club performer at the age of 14. It was not Mike Jacobs who said: "We was robbed!" It was Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling. And who was the Chicago lad, who at the time of the Cincinnati-White Sox scandal, said to Joe Jackson: "Say it ain't true, Joe!" There was no such lad. A newspaperman made up that story. It was "Big Time Sullivan who angrily observed: "If you can't beat 'em you can't." But who upon arriving on the soil of France in World War I said: "Lafayette, we are here!" It was Col. C. E. Stanton of the United States Army. The colonel voiced those immortal words in an address delivered at the grave of Lafayette in the Picpus cemetery, Paris, on July 4, 1917.

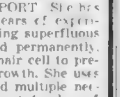
* * *

"RABBIT" Maranville, major league ballplayer who lasted in the big show for 26 years and played semi-pro baseball when over 50, partly attributed his stamina to the fact he has always slept on his stomach with his arms outstretched. How do you sleep? I am a triple threat sleeper. I start off sleeping on my back with arms outstretched and later switch from one side to the other . . . As to the effect of blood donations on the general health. A man in Moscow has donated his blood 141 times and it hasn't affected his health in the least. In fact, he says he feels better than he did when he started the donations.

* * *

Blitzen, "the iron horse," the idol of Old Guttenberg won more races than any thoroughbred in American racing history. Blitzen won on fast slow, muddy and icy tracks. He ran at all distances carrying top weight most of the time. None of the crooked operators who infested Guttenberg was skillfully crooked enough to make Blitzen lose. He was loved as much as Exterminator was later on. When the familiar cry: "They're off at the Gut" was voiced and followed by: "At the quarter, Blitzen by one length," lusty cheers went up in thousands of pool rooms throughout the land. Later, when the call came "Blitzen wins by a nose" the crowds went wild. I never saw Blitzen run. He was before my time. I wish I had a picture of him.

Mollie Rapport
Electric Needle Specialist



introduced the Short Wave Method to Boston from Hollywood. This method kills the root of the hair in 1-20 of a second. It saves time and money to consult MOLLIE RAPPORT. She has had over 22 years of experience in removing superfluous hair safely and permanently. Sterilizing the hair cell to prevent further growth. She uses both single and multiple needles and is also a teacher of electrolysis. Physicians' references. Consultation free. **Miss MOLLIE RAPPORT**, 125 Tremont St. Room 402. HAN. 7286. Adv.

Doll Lady Fails Japan

Continued from Page 4

baffled upon receiving the returned letter, because she had not written it. Yet it included a signature strikingly like her own.

THE LETTER had said, among other things:

"We have had a pretty bad month or so. My little nephew, the one I adore so, has a malignant tumor on the brain and isn't expected to live, so we are all so crushed that we don't know what we are doing. They are giving him X-rays on the head and they hope to check it but give us absolutely no hope in a complete cure and maybe not even any relief. I am completely crushed."

It happened that Miss Wallace, who received this letter, had a nephew who was at that time critically ill of a brain ailment. Mystified, she turned the letter over to postal authorities, who passed it along to the FBI.

Then the FBI checked and double-checked, with the resultant arrest of the double-dealing doll woman.

And the doll woman and alleged spy for the Japs is lucky. She faces, not the death penalty, but merely 10 years in prison, or a $10,000 fine, or both.

Yvonne's French Villa
a resort devoted to women who care for Health + Beauty from Head to Toe.
Special Diets
Cool-Quiet + Restful
Send for Booklet
Yvonne Beauty Center
127 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass.
Hub 0846

Who Else is FAT and Wants to Reduce?

New VITAMIN WAY Proves You Can Lose Ugly Pounds Quickly—Easily

Lets You Have Plenty of Husky Satisfying Nourishment—No Dangerous Drugs, Exercises or Physics

If you are fat, pounds overweight, or if you are in the process of getting fat, here at last is a simple, safe way to reduce that brings quick results (provided you are in normal health and not suffering from any functional disorder).

The new way is the vitamin way a way which provides lusty, satisfying nourishment—helps correct the unbalanced diet that made you fat, and many users say it has improved their looks and made them feel fine. Food normally so the only thing that makes fat. Exercise can be harmful and is perhaps the least efficient way of getting rid of it. Drugs or physics should never be used except under the direction of a physician.

The new, modern, steam-lined way to reduce is entirely different. It is based on proper nutrition. What you ask, eat to get thin. Exactly, but with this difference. Instead of one sided, unbalanced and, in some cases, starvation diets, you can now lose those ugly pounds while taking the correct nourishment that you normally get in every day foods.

To eliminate the need of the irritating details necessary to balance your diet to indicate the foods to eat in certain amounts, Vee-mor was created. Then as a final reducing supplement everyone burns up and as an extra bonus gives every woman a clear complexion, prevents constipation and generally prepares her more for motherhood. With Vee-mor you feel your efforts. You are being perfectly nourished and properly as directed by following these easy to follow rules of Vee-mor you need not starve yourself to reduce and at the same time you avoid the risk of ever getting those ugly pounds back.

MEN! If You're FAT and 40—

Start trimming down those flabby arrest pounds today. It's no trick to lose 8 to 10, 15 or even 20 pounds the vitamin way. It's easy, too—doesn't require exercising, torture diets or physics.

So if fat is slowing you down, making you sluggish and uncomfortable, start reducing the Vee-mor way now.

Money Back Guarantee

So certain are the manufacturers of Vee-mor that you will be delighted with the results obtained that they will gladly refund your money in full if you are not entirely satisfied in every way. Simply return the empty package to us and we will refund your money. Don't delay. Get Vee-mor today. Only one package to a customer. Vee-mor is sold only by mail.

IT'S FUN TO REDUCE WITH Vee-mor

VEE-MOR
2 Sizes
$1.50 and $3.00

ALSO like for Mail Orders. Cal VEE-MOR, 31

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2 BOSTON STORES
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269 Tremont St. (Near Boylston St.)
132 Mass. Ave. (Opp. Loew's State)

CAMBRIDGE—569 Mass. Ave. LYNN—502 Union St.; MALDEN—466 Main St.; MEDFORD—375 Main St.; PROVIDENCE—94 Weeb St.; PAWTUCKET—211 Main St.; SPRINGFIELD—1245 Main St.; LOWELL—182 Page St.; FITCHBURG—5 Day St.; QUINCY—1416 Hancock St.; WALDEN—72 Pleasant St.; ROCHESTER—153 Main St.

Boston Leads World in Humanity to Animals

Continued from Page 3

[illegible] report to the membership [illegible] she declared:

"I RECALL the immense [illegible] that have been [illegible] and universities [illegible] of which the animals [illegible] are daily con- [illegible] to the most horrible tor- [illegible] name of science, and [illegible] makes me feel sad to think [illegible] lies down in the scale [illegible] in sympathy the speech- [illegible] animals are . . . It seems as [illegible] should be some such [illegible] in regard [illegible] friends and helpers of [illegible] who are starved, beaten, [illegible]red, worked to death and not given even the small return of comfortable board and shelter.

"We who have pledged our- [illegible] form this society called [the] Animal Rescue League have taken another step forward in [the gre]at cause of the enlighten- [ment] of humanity, and it rests [with] us how far we shall go . . . [In up]lifting the animal we uplift [illegible] in uplifting ourselves [illegible] the world."

[illegible] awakening sought [illegible] was slow to [illegible] Despite the work of the League the unfortunate dogs [illegible] way by one [illegible] the miser- [able con]ditions of the city [illegible] were still ending up in [illegible] when the [illegible] this phase [illegible]

[illegible] had not been [illegible]inely heretofore. [illegible]

THAT YEAR marked the end of Boston's official cruelty [to a]nimals and the beginning of [an er]a that was to witness the [gradu]al elimination of such [illegible] in whatever form.

[From] the beginning the League attracted the support of [illegible] foremost citizenry, its [illegible] officers including leaders [illegible] George A. O. Ernst, Mrs. [Julia] Ward Howe, Rev. Edward [Everet]t Hale, Mrs. William En- [illegible] Jr. and Mrs. Edward [illegible] This type of ac- [illegible] and support [illegible] through all the [illegible] Its paid [illegible] with six veterinarians, in- [illegible] men and women who [illegible] employed for 30 years [illegible]

The league operates annually [illegible] more [illegible] bequests which have built [up] a substantial financial [illegible] at the Copley-P[laza illegible] from such donations as [thos]e who receive dogs care to [illegible]

At its headquarters in C[illegible] the League maintains a free [clin]ic to which scores of dogs, [c]ats and other pets are brought [d]aily by their owners for expert [treatment].

There, too, are kept the stray [d]ogs and cats for which the [League fin]ds homes. These [illegible] are kept [illegible] at the league's [illegible] [illegible] are well fed [illegible]

ALL [illegible] which are open [illegible] There with [thei]r parents come small boys all atremble at the prospect of "gettin' a dog"; there come all ages and all types in search of [illegible]oted companions. In the case of dogs the League has never failed to find a home for a stray in good condition though many of these are what the vivisectionists refer to as mutts.

First aim of the League is to return a stray dog to its original owner. To this end files of every "Lost Dog" advertisement in the state are kept and each animal picked up is matched against the descriptions contained in the advertisements. When an owner is located and calls for his dog there is no charge; everybody at League headquarters is delighted at the reunion.

Efforts to this particular end do not stop there, however. The League itself advertises in Lost-and-Found columns under the heading: "DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DOG WON'T," a message to all owners of dogs lost.

The League assumes in the case of every lost dog, regardless of antecedents, that there is somewhere an owner—perhaps a youngster with an aching heart—seeking his pet.

When all efforts to locate the owner have failed, the dog then joins those available to the public. The turnover in these kennels is continuous. No dog has long to wait for a home.

In the beginning a charge for these dogs was made—enough up to $5 or $6 to approach the cost of its keep and treatment [illegible] in the kennels. Officers of the League felt the [illegible] no profit was made and often a financial loss was [illegible]

THEN FOR a period dogs were given absolutely free [illegible] to those who could provide homes but here again an objectionable phase was encountered; many people who only THOUGHT they wanted dogs took advantage of the offer and some dogs ended up by being neglected.

The present system was then worked out; under it there is a fixed assessment of $5 for each dog, regardless of breed, size and appearance but this is made as a donation to the League's general fund and not in payment for the animal. In many, many instances this donation is waived when an applicant can provide a good home but cannot afford to contribute. This is especially true in the cases of children.

Not only must the new owner agree not to permit the dog to be used for vivisection but he must sign an agreement to keep it in his own possession and care for it in a manner that meets with the approval of the League.

In the case of every stray dog so placed in a new home, the League checks by mail with the owner a week or two after the dog has left the kennels. If the reply is satisfactory from all angles that is usually an end of the contact between the League and the new owner and his dog. If the reply is unsatisfactory, or [illegible] to reply, a personal [visit illegible] is made by an agent of the League to determine the conditions under which the dog is being kept.

IF THESE conditions are unsatisfactory and that is rare now the League, under the agreement signed, reclaims the dog for placement elsewhere.

In one year alone the League was host for 15,798 dogs, 59,- 2[illegible] cats and kittens and 494 [illegible] animals and birds.

The League maintains in Dedham a country [illegible] annex and home of rest for horses known as Pine Ridge. There, too, is a cemetery for small animals. There is also a bird sanctuary there.

[illegible] of the League [illegible] collection points for strayed animals are maintained in several places distant from Boston. There is one in Lynn, one on Martha's Vineyard and two on Cape Cod at West Harwich and Eastham. The work of the League is being carried on over a constantly widening field and its influence is state-wide.

At Amrita Island, in Buzzards Bay, on the Baxendale estate which was bequeathed to Harvard University and turned over to the league, there has begun a course teacher-education in the methods found most successful in the instruction of the child along the line of humane activities. Several conferences of teachers from different sections of the state already have been held and while the program has been curtailed, due to transportation difficulties in wartime a schedule of increased activities along this line is being laid out for the years ahead.

B. MAUDE PHILLIPS is the director of the staff of women teachers attached to the Humane Educational Department of the League. Miss Phillips developed the marionette shows as the principal vehicle for the instruction of children in the ways of kindness. Strangely enough these shows were first inaugurated in Labrador and Newfoundland when, as a member of the League, she accompanied the expeditions of Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell in 1932 and 1933. As dog sleds were the principal means of transportation in Labrador it was thought necessary to educate the children in the kind treatment of the huskies. Miss Phillips composed a special marionette show in three scenes for presentation at the Grenfell Mission in St. Anthony. This proved so entertaining and instructive that a series of shows with the kindness-to-animal theme was developed for the schools of Massachusetts. Now there is never a school day that the marionettes are not putting across their message in one or more schools in the state.

The League's educational department collaborates with the municipal school authorities to the extent that children who witness the shows prepare compositions concerning them and the papers are marked by both the school and the league teachers: the former for grammar and style, the latter for results of the lesson in kindness.

"Our visits to the schools prove that children are becoming more and more animal-minded," said Miss Phillips. "Children now will not tolerate cruelty.

"Much is being done to ease suffering and affliction, but the task of ending it is an enormous one which must rest with the rising generation."

AN EXAMPLE of the flexibility of the humane educational program is the following incident: School authorities in a certain district were concerned over damage being done to victory gardens by children in the lower grades and no amount of lectures appeared to correct it. The school thought a special marionette show might do the trick and an Animal Rescue League Peter Rabbit show was revised for the occasion.

In it Peter told how he himself was always tempted to invade a green garden but that the crisis of the war and the great need for food was keeping him in the woods and meadows these days. Several scenes demonstrated the points; the show was put on for all grades. Garden damage in that section came to an end.

The League's inspection department covers a broad field. Livestock transportation is an important phase. Trains and trucks are met and inspected from early morning until late at night. The fighting spirit of the League is best exemplified in its inspection department, for those who cannot be educated to eliminate abuse of dumb animals soon find themselves in court under prosecution of the League's agents. Many such cases have to do with abuse of horses.

When an offending owner is convicted and fined and the League suspects he has not been cured but may try to vent his spleen on the beast, the League often buys the horse, farms it out at Pine Ridge for conditioning and finds a humane owner for it.

ALONG with Mr. Hearst, the League has campaigned vigorously against cruelty to animals, particularly horses, in the filming of motion pictures.

Among grownups as well as children, the League's Lincoln Medal, annually awarded for acts of heroism involving animals, is greatly coveted. These involve such incidents as the rescue of animals from burning buildings, from drowning in holes through the ice, from abuse, etc. Dogs participating in drowning and fire rescues and the defense of master or mistress from attacks by thugs are rewarded with suitably inscribed collars.

So times have changed in Boston and are changing elsewhere through the processes of education and example. The devotion, loyalty and faithfulness of the dog, the horse and the other beasts which are dumb only in that they do not speak our language are reaping a just reward. The vivisection cages have fewer and fewer suffering tenants and some day, soon, they will have none.

Quality Permanents

Brush Curl Featherette $5
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NEW HELP FOR FOLKS PAST 35

Who Suffer From

Headaches	Restless Nights
Foul Breath	Coated Tongue
Bloating	Sour Acid Stomach
Bilious Symptoms	General Irritability
Acid Indigestion	Intestinal Gas

DUE TO OCCASIONAL CONSTIPATION

It is rightfully said that a curse of modern civilization with its many wretched complications is constipation of the lower bowel. Here are some common symptoms of this pesky, nagging misery. Are you a victim? Do you suffer? Check here:

- ☐ Headaches ☐ Restless Nights
- ☐ Foul Breath ☐ Coated Tongue
- ☐ Bloating ☐ General Irritability
- ☐ Bilious Symptoms ☐ Intestinal Gas

Feel the Joy of Relief OVERNIGHT or Get Your Money Back

Now, you can get quick relief from sick headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, drowsiness, stomach gas, lack of pep and poor complexion to extent caused by occasional constipation, in many cases, with ZUBRITE, the old-fashioned herbal laxative.

NOT A PILL OR TEA

ZUBRITE is made solely with fragrant herbs, seeds and flowers that Nature has grown. It does not contain chemicals or oils of any kind. You'll like the quick, easy way that ZUBRITE moves stubborn bowels without upsetting your system.

PLEASING and CONVENIENT

No Chemical Drugs—
—Just Pure Herbs

When you realize that so many commonly used laxatives depend on chemical drugs, oils and salts for their action, you can see why we are so enthusiastic about ZUBRITE. Don't go on suffering from sleepless nights and restless days caused by occasional constipation. Get a big box of ZUBRITE that lasts for months for only 50c at your nearest Nature Food Centres store. Once you have used it according to simple package directions it will become your friend for life. Easy and pleasant to take.

Economical—Guaranteed

ZUBRITE'S various herbs are delightfully fragrant and pleasant tasting. They act on the large bowel, cleaning out obnoxious putrid wastes. Costs less than a penny a day to use, and you often feel better overnight. Our money back guarantee protects you—so come in today and get a large box of ZUBRITE for only 50c. Be sure to follow directions on carton and enjoy first results tomorrow. Bring in this adv. to get your ZUBRITE. Sold only at

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CAMB—569 Mass Ave LYNN—201 Union St
WALTHAM—406 Moody St WORC—373 Main St.
PROV.—94 Wash. St.; PAW—211 Main St
SPRING—1243 Main St LOWELL—152 Paige St
FITCHBURG—5 Day St QUINCY—1416 Hancock St
MALDEN—71 Pleasant St. BROCKTON—233 Main St

Hundreds of Women Hail Madame Gardner's 75 Needle Multiplex

A TIP

She is one of Boston's most ethical needle specialists with 38 years experience. She announces that now you may have Short Wave which removes hair in 1-22th of a second, or one to 75 needles. No students to practice on you. The most nervous are at ease. She is the only specialist that beautifies the skin while removing hair and gives you more youthful looking years. Mme. Gardner removes that oldish look at

37 TEMPLE PLACE. Han. 2030
Mme. ROSELLA GARDNER, E.D.

WEEI	WBZ	WNAC	WHDH	WMEX
Columbia 590 KC	*National* 1030 KC	*Mutual* 1260 KC	*Blue* 850 KC	1510 KC
8:00 ‡News; Music *Waltz Time	‡Rev. Crawford	‡Religious Hour		
8:15 ‡Sacred Heart	‡News; W'ther	‡Rev. Crawford	‡News	
8:30 *Song Circle *Evangical Hr.	*Carollers	‡Swedenborg	*Wake Up, Smile	
8:45 *Song Circle *Evangical Hr.	‡News	‡Br'kfast Table	‡News	
8:00 WCOP *Serenade Music	8:30 WORL ‡Church Service			
9:00 ‡World News	‡World News	‡Rev. J. Zeller	‡News	*Waltz Time
9:15 *Organ Music	‡Church School	‡Rev. J. Zeller	‡Judea Hour	‡Home of Truth
9:30 *Organ Music	*NBC String	‡Proph'y Voice	‡Judea Hour	‡Home of Truth
9:45 ‡News	Quartet	‡Proph'y Voice	‡Judea Hour	*Morn'g Tunes
9:30 WCOP ‡Italian Hour		9:30 WORL ‡Lithuanie Balsas		
10:00 ‡Church of	‡Bible Talk	‡Bible Class	‡arnal Drama	*Morn'g Tunes
10:15 the Air	‡Bible Talk	‡Bible Class	‡arnal Drama	*Modern Music
10:30 ‡Over Jordan	*Words-Music	‡Weather Rep't	‡ParkSt.Church	*Modern Music
10:45 ‡Over Jordan	*Words-Music	*Symphonetta	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Church Serv.
10:00 WCOP ‡Italian Hour		10:30 WORL ‡Polish Program		
11:00 ‡News; Choir	*Rockies	‡Cathedral	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Church Serv.
11:15 *Blue Jackets Rhapsody		Church of	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Church Serv.
11:30 *Learn'g Invt.	Labor Speaks	St. Paul	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Church
11:45 *Learn'g Invt.	*Betsy Ross	Service	‡ParkSt.Church	Service
11:00 WCOP *Freilicher Kabtzen		11:00 WORL ‡News and Music		
NOON ‡News		‡News	‡Rev'wing St'nd	*Italian Music	‡News
12:15 ‡News Analyst	‡Reporter	‡Rev'wing St'nd	‡News	*Spotlight
12:30 †People to P'le	*Stradivari	‡Catholic Truth	*Matinee Music	*LaRosa Music
12:45 †People to P'le	*Stradivari	‡Catholic Truth	*Matinee Music	*LaRosa Music
12:00 WCOP *Freilicher		12:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
1:00 ‡On Beacon St.	‡News	‡News	*Village Choir	†Playhouse
1:15 *Revue	*Recital	*Herb Lewis	*Magic Carpet	*Italian Tunes
1:30 ‡Talks	‡Round Table	*Music Minus	*Song Ca'cade	*Joseph Tall
1:45 From London	‡Round Table	Words	*Song Ca'cade	*Joseph Tall
1:00 WCOP *Polish Program		1:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
2:00 †Dangerously	*Spotlight	□Sky Riders	*Song Ca'cade	*Waltz Music
2:15 Yours	§For the Girls	□Sky Riders	*Song Ca'cade	*Waltz Music
2:30 ‡World News	*J. C. Thomas	*Billy Rogers	§Sammy Kaye	‡Christian Sci.
2:45 ‡World News	*J. C. Thomas	*Billy Rogers	§Sammy Kaye	‡Christian Sci.
2:30 WCOP *Hellenic Dawn		2:30 WORL *Parade of Hits		
3:00 *N.Y. Symph'y	§World Parade	§This Is Fort	*Music Review	*Swedish Tunes
3:15 *N.Y. Symph'y	§World Parade	Dix	*Music Review	*Swedish Tunes
3:30 *N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	†Mysterious	†Israel	‡St.Anthony Hr.
3:45 *N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	Traveler	Message	‡St.Anthony Hr.
3:45 WCOP ‡Pleasant Hill Church		3:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
4:00 *N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Lutheran Hour	*Drifting and	*Treasury
4:15 *N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Lutheran Hour	Dreaming	Varieties
4:30 *Percy Faith	†Pursuit	§Thanks to	*World of Song	*Light Operas
4:45 *Percy Faith	Of Learning	America	*World of Song	*Light Operas
4:15 WCOP ‡Rescue Mission		4:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
5:00 *Family Hour	*NBC Symph'y	†Green Valley	*Mary Small	*Light Operas
5:15 *Family Hour	*NBC Symph'y	†Green Valley	*Mary Small	*Light Operas
5:30 *Family Hour	*NBC Symph'y	†Bulldog Dr'm'd	†Hot Copy	*Dance Session
5:45 ‡Wm. Shirer	*NBC Symph'y	†Bulldog Dr'm'd	†Hot Copy	*Dance Session
5:45 WCOP ‡Mormon Service		5:00 WORL §Coast Guard Show		
6:00 †Silver Thea.	‡Catholic Hour	*Band Parade	§Summer Hour	‡Tremont T'ple
6:15 †Silver Thea.	‡Catholic Hour	‡Baseball	§Summer Hour	‡Tremont T'ple
6:30 †Air Americ'ns	†Men at Sea	‡Upton Close	§Summer Hour	†Ave Maria
6:45 †Air Americ'ns	†Men at Sea	*Dick Brown	§Summer Hour	†Ave Maria
6:45 WCOP ‡American Legion		6:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
7:00 §Report to	*All Time Hit	§Revival Hour	‡Drew Pearson	*Classic Album
7:15 the Nation	Parade	§Revival Hour	‡Headlines	*Classic Album
7:30 §Eddie Garr	*Bandwagon	§Revival Hour	□Quiz Kids	*Classic Album
7:45 §Eddie Garr	*Bandwagon	§Revival Hour	□Quiz Kids	*Classic Album
7:30 WCOP ‡Park Street Church		7:15 WORL §For the Girls		
8:00 •Blondie	§Gracie Fields	‡Mediation Brd.	*Village Choir	‡Church Service
8:15 •Blondie	§Gracie Fields	‡Mediation Brd.	‡Ba'ball Scores	‡Church Service
8:30 †Crime Doctor	†One Man's	‡Mediation Brd.	†Deadlines	‡Church Service
8:45 †Crime Doctor	Family	‡Heatter	†Deadlines	‡Church Service
8:45 WCOP *Beyond Victory				
9:00 †Readers D'gst	‡Merry-Go-R'nd	‡Walter	‡Journal	‡Revival Hour
9:15 †Readers D'gst	‡Merry-Go-R'nd	Hampden	§Basin Street	‡Revival Hour
9:30 §Jas. Melton	*Fam'ar Music	□Music Quiz	§Basin Street	‡Revival Hour
9:45 §Jas. Melton	*Fam'ar Music	□Music Quiz	‡Jimmie Fidler	‡Revival Hour
9:00 WCOP *Concert Hour				
10:00 □Phil Baker	*Hr. of Charm	‡Cedric Foster	•Life of Riley	‡News; Scores
10:15 □Phil Baker	*Hr. of Charm	§Good Will Hr.	•Life of Riley	*Irish Tunes
10:30 §We The	§Les Tremayne	§Good Will Hr.	‡Keep up with	*Pan-America
10:45 People	§Les Tremayne	§Good Will Hr.	the World	‡Army Voice
10:45 WCOP ‡BBC News				
11:00 ‡News; W'ther	‡News; W'ther	‡News	‡News	*Dance Session
11:15 *Jam Music	‡Headliners	§Revival Hour	*Vera Massey	*Dance Session
11:30 *Son. Dunham	‡Pacific Story	§Revival Hour	*Curtain Calls	*Day's End
11:45 *Son. Dunham	‡Pacific Story	§Revival Hour	*Music; News	*Day's End
MID. ‡News; Music	‡News; Music	§Revival Hour	*Nocturne	*Day's End

§Variety •Comedy *Music †Drama □Quiz ‡Talk

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

By EVE JOLLY

—Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures. — ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.

EACH week the mail contains letters from sorrowful pet owners who have lost, or had stolen, a beloved dog or cat. Children often are physically ill when "Rover is gone."

Only those who have searched the night through to first glimmer of day in fruitless effort to find a pet really know "whereof they speak." The uncertainty of the pet's treatment, condition and care are always uppermost in your mind.

Immediately a dog is lost notify the pound or the SPCA and continue to call these agencies once or twice daily for at least two weeks. Having called the pound, put an advertisement in your local newspaper. Make the description of the animal clear and brief and if you intend to offer a reward, state the fact. I'd add "no questions asked," too.

"No questions asked?" Yes, because there are a certain "breed" of humans who play the game of finders, keepers. But among their acquaintances may be a "right" person and you may receive an anonymous call that, "your pet is at 123 Blank st." I have known this to happen many times. Unfortunately, you can never thank your informant, but you keep a special place in your heart for him!

LATE afternoon and early evening seem to be the "peak" times for dogs to stray. Once lost, a dog becomes confused and often runs a great distance from his home. When night falls he'll usually try for security by hiding. When day breaks he starts forth again, in search of food, or home. People thoroughly familiar with the habits of a lost animal rarely search between 10 p. m. and 4:30 a. m.

Almost unbelievable in its vicious scope is the group who steal dogs. Purebred dogs suffer most at the hands of these gangsters. From the assortment of complaints in my mail I judge the practice is very general and the gangsters of two ilks. Those who steal for the owner's reward and those who steal a dog and ship it out of the city to sell it.

Many well-meaning people have purchased dogs, stolen dogs, because "the present owner is ill, must leave town." If you purchase a pet from other than a reputable dealer, or kennel, require a reference of the seller, and a bill of sale. If the reference doesn't check, notify the police.

It would seem that the well established, large breed clubs throughout the country would work together to execute a plan to catch and punish these lawbreakers who live off the "dog-snatch" racket.

Have you any ideas to advance on the subject Let's have an open forum.

Justice and Don Juan

Continued from Page 6

chased him until he hasn't known what to do with himself. What else can you expect when you chase a married man."

There were taunts and threats.

Miss Lusk said she asserted that Dr. Roberts actually loved her and wanted to marry her and that she had letters from him to prove it. Mrs. Roberts said she would like to see such letters if they existed, and Miss Lusk ran from the room and sped up the stairs to the room where she kept her love letters, from the horse doctor.

In this interval, Mrs. Roberts picked up the telephone and called her husband at his office, asking him to come at once to Miss Mills' home. She was hanging up the receiver as Miss Lusk came down the stairs. The teacher had no letters with her. She had the automatic pistol with which a few weeks before she had forced Dr. Roberts to swear his Bible oath.

IN FEAR and trembling, Dr. Roberts walked from his office to the house where he had every reason to believe tragedy of some kind was waiting for him. He knocked, then pushed open the unlocked door. On the the floor of the living room the body of his wife lay in a widening stain of blood.

He knelt by the body and felt for a pulse with practiced hand. There was none. Upstairs he heard sounds of hysteria.

In panic he ran from the house, and two revolver shots sounded from an upstairs room as he scuttled across the street. In a neighbor's home he called C. D. Blott, his business partner. Blott arrived first, followed by Dr. R. E. Davies and Police Chief John McKay.

The three men found Miss Lusk sitting calmly on a step at the head of the stairs holding her gun in obviously competent hands. She raised the gun as they sought to climb the stairs, and they backed away.

For the next hour, while the body of Mrs. Roberts lay on the living room floor, there followed one of the strangest palavers between law officers and a slayer in the long history of murder.

"Dr. Roberts told me again and again that he loved me, and cared for no one else but me," she said in steady tones. "He said that he cared more for me than for any one in the world. He said that he and his wife never loved each other and that he cared for no one else. He said he would tell her by June 15. He swore to it on a Bible.

"I went to see her last night, and he brought me back through the park. I asked him again if he loved me and he said he did. I asked him if he would tell her and he said he would. She called me every name—every name. I loved him dearly. Mrs. Roberts called me such awful things."

When she finished her statement Miss Lusk rose to her feet and still keeping the men at bay with her pistol, retreated slowly to her own room. Inside, she closed the door and shot herself again. She was unconscious when the authorities rushed in.

WITHIN A few months, the schoolteacher had recovered completely from her wounds, and she went on trial for murder before Circuit Judge Martin Lueck in the Waukesha County Courthouse on May 14, 1918. The trial, a gaudy pageant of sensational testimony, lasted 14 days.

One of its features was the appearance on the stand of Dr. Roberts as a State's witness.

He said that any love he had ever felt for Miss Lusk had cooled long before the day of the shooting. He pictured the teacher as a bold brazen hussy who had taken the lead in the affair throughout and who had forced him to prolong the relationship long after it was distasteful to him by threatening to tell his wife.

Shamelessly, Dr. Roberts produced a little black diary which he used to refresh his recollection as he spoke glibly of Chicago and Milwaukee trips.

Miss Lusk was on the stand for two full days, telling the story once under the guidance of her own counsel and again under cross-examination.

The jury, once it received the case, needed only five hours to decide that Miss Lusk was guilty of second degree murder, accepting the theory that the fatal shot was fired in sudden anger rather than as a result of premeditation.

Screaming, she flung herself upon the district attorney's and her fingers sought his throat. Deputies dragged her away and overpowered her. Four men carried her from the courthouse, head foremost and face upward screaming as she went.

Two weeks later, after denying motions for a new trial, Judge Lueck sentenced her to 19 years in State Prison at hard labor.

IN REGARD to Dr. Roberts, Judge Lueck turned the record of the doctor's testimony over to Milwaukee authorities, with the result that he was brought to trial in Milwaukee for immoral conduct with Miss Lusk.

Roberts was sentenced to a year in the house of correction, and although he staved off his punishment for more than a year by appeals, he eventually served his term. And in June, 1922, he remarried and settled in California.

GRACE LUSK went to prison a celebrity but found herself forgotten by the world when she came out. She served less than five years of her term, receiving a conditional pardon because of ill health from Wisconsin's Gov. John J. Blaine in January 1923.

On Sept, 9, 1930, a 52-year-old woman listed as Grace Brown died in St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, following an operation for toxic goitre.

It was Grace Lusk. A brother, C. S. Lusk, of Stoughton, was at the bedside, but the "Mr. Brown" she married in 1925 was not. She told hospital attendants they were estranged and that he was somewhere in the South.

The love for which she had killed had long since turned to hate and the burial in Stoughton stirred such little interest that precautions taken by the family to keep away newspaper photographers proved unneeded. None showed up.

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'Divorce Racket, Inc'

Today's new film hit at the Globe is "Divorce Racket, Inc.," a daring and dramatic story of the subterfuges and trickery often resorted to in order to circumvent the law.

On the same program, Betty Grable, Eddie Bracken and Diana Lynn have top roles in the Preson Sturges comedy, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

On Uptown Screen

Walter Brennan, Jean Crain and Lon McCallister are the top names in "Home In Indiana," which is today's attraction at the Uptown.

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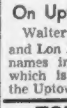

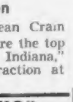

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ABBOT AND COSTELLO fans will be happy to know that the boys are coming back again after Lou's illness in "In Society," next attraction at the Memorial.

RICHARD CAMP and Dorothea Jackson have their worries in the merry comedy, "3 Is a Family," now in its final two weeks at the Colonial, after establishing a summer record.

BETTE DAVIS adds another portrait to her gallery of wicked women in "Mr. Skeffington" at the Met.

RED SKELTON and Esther Williams find romance in "Bathing Beauty," continuing at Loew's State and Orpheum.

At Cambridge

Beautiful and charming Carol Stone, youngest daughter of Fred Stone, dancing in a premiere prior to Broadway of "Dark of the Moon," the 1942 Maxwell Anderson award winner, opens Monday evening for one week at the Cambridge Summer Theater, Brattle Hall.

The able resident company at Cambridge will support Carol Stone. The production is to be staged by Robert E. Perry, while Andrew Mack will furnish the interesting sets.

At the Trans-Lux

Two of the finest thrillers are currently unreeling at the Trans-Lux. One is "Tiger Shark," with Edward G. Robinson starring, and Richard Arlen and Zita Johann in the supporting cast.

On the same program is "Polo Joe," starring Joe E. Brown and Carol Hughes.

"Home in Indiana"

"Home In Indiana" with Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister Charlotte Greenwood opens today at the Exeter St. Theater with the English mystery, "Yellow Canary," starring Anna Neagle and Richard Greene.

Hedy Lamarr and Husband Happiest in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service

HOLLYWOOD.

TO TELL a woman she is beautiful is the most acceptable compliment any daughter of Eve can receive. It's the most exciting praise every girl, whether she resides in Hollywood or lives on an isolated farm, enjoys hearing and it's the one thing she waits to hear from the lips of her lover or her husband.

Yet Hedy Lamarr, conceded to be Hollywood's greatest beauty and mentioned as the most glamorous motion picture star, hates the very word "beautiful."

"When people say that I am a great actress I shall be satisfied," she said. "Anyone can be a beauty, but not every woman can give a performance that lives."

Louella Parsons

In that pretty head of Lamarr is a lot of determination. Once she makes up her mind, heaven and earth cannot change her. She kept at John Loder, her husband, until he left Warner's and went to R. K. O., where she felt he had a better chance.

I asked John to tell me about Hedy and her advice on his career.

"She told me to go and get my release from Warner's," he said, "and not come home until I had it in my pocket. And, believe me, she meant what she said. I like Jack Warner so much and I didn't want to leave, but Hedy felt there were too many other leading men on the Warner lot and that I would advance faster somewhere else. Jack Warner was very fair and let me go and was kind enough to say Warner's were sorry to lose me. The result is I have just finished "The Brighton Strangler" at RKO and it's the best picture I have ever made. I am earning more money than I have ever been paid, with my radio program and my RKO contract, and it's all due to Hedy."

JOHN CAME to my house with a recording of "Romance," which Hedy had played on the air with Walter Pidgeon. Hedy was sick.

"I want you to hear it," he said. "She gives a performance as fine as Doris Keane ever gave and you never see her beauty, so you

Continued on Page 15

DAY FAMILY COMING BACK

Those phenomenal Days are coming back again. The date is Aug. 28, the place is the Colonial, and the show is, of course, "Life With Father."

The Clarence Day story, made into a play by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, has passed the 2000 mark in New York. Its record run is only exceeded by "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Tobacco Road." But "Life With Father" will catch up with the latter before the season is over.

It's never known a losing week. It's grossed more than $3,250,000 in New York, five road companies have contributed nearly $4,000,000 more, and in box-office returns it's 'way out at the head of the parade.

The new company coming in to the Colonial will have Carl Benton Reid as Father Day, and Betty Linley as Mother. The five redheads in the family will again have you chuckling, and it's just about the pleasantest news of the early fall season.

At Paramount-Fenway

Two of filmdom's major productions are having their first local showings on the Paramount and Fenway.

"The Hour Before the Dawn," W. Somerset Maugham's shocking best-seller, starring Veronica Lake and Franchot Tone, will share first-run honors with "Song of the Open Road," United Artists' ambitious star-studded musical extravaganza, with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Jane Powell, W. C. Fields, Bonita Granville and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra.

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THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
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MARINE RAIDERS
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EDW. G. ROBINSON in "TIGER SHARK"
JOE E. BROWN in "POLO JOE"

ELEANOR PARKER in "Between Two World's," which comes to the Paramount and Fenway next Thursday.

PARSONS

Continued From Page 14

know it isn't her face—it's her acting."

When April comes Hedy's contract with M-G-M will be up. She has been with that studio since Louis B. Mayer signed her in Vienna and brought her to America eight years ago. She and her studio have had many battles and there have been months when Lamarr has been on suspension for various reasons—salary and disagreements over stories. So it will be interesting to see what she does come April.

No studio can bid for her services in advance, in accordance with the Hays decree, but she has finished "Conspirators" at Warner's and she is now playing in "Experiment Perilous" at RKO. She knows without any spoken word on their part she can get a job at either studio.

"I'll go," she told me, "to the studio where I can get a chance to act. I don't want to look glamorous. I don't want my beauty exploited. I want a role such as is given Katharine Hepburn, Greer Garson, Irene Dunne or Bette Davis."

Hedy's marriage to John Loder has worked out very well. He is as ambitious for her as she is for him, which is a sure way for martial happiness.

New Shows Ready for Boston
'3 Is a Family' Continues

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

THEY call it howl-arious and it is. It's "3 Is a Family," which lingers for only two more weeks at the Colonial. It's the treat of the season and don't let it catch you napping.

All's well with the pretty little ingenues who play the roles of the young mothers-to-be. There is a catch, though. Barbara Bell Wright and Helen Stenborg were thrilled when John Golden signed them up for the parts. Then they found out that instead of shedding glamour all over the place, they had to look maternal and that those ultra-fashionable gowns were out for the duration.

But who would mind. The chance to play in a John Golden production, with Impresario Flynn on the job handing out publicity, is a break for any budding young Thespian.

* * *

Meantime we can look forward to a whole flock of new shows. We can look forward too, to David Selznick's new picture, "Since You Went Away," which will show up sometime later in the season. It is, definitely, a weeper, but a lovely one.

It's got the lobbies locked out every performance in New York, and despite its three hours, it's touching and tender and infinitely appealing throughout. It might be your home or the one next door. It might be your son, or your sweetheart. And with a cast that boasts Claudette Colbert—who cries her eyes out along with you, and Jennifer Jones falling in love, and Shirley Temple getting grown up, and young Bob Ryan, and a glimpse of Lionel Barrymore, and Nazimova, and a performance that ought to corner the Oscars by grumpy and lovable Monty Woolley, and another by Hattie McDaniel, it's quite a picture.

* * *

AND ALTHOUGH it may take longer, keep Lillian Hellman's play, "The Searching Wind," in mind for a real treat whenever it does reach Boston. In New York it has Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, Dudley Digges and Barbara O'Neil in the central roles, and combining a "message" that we all need and a three-cornered romance that is believable and undersentimentalized, it's a distinguished contribution to this year's drama.

* * *

AS FOR WHAT'S coming up soon, there's "The Last Stop," at the Wilbur on Aug. 21, and "Men to the Sea" at the Plymouth on Sept. 11, and "Wallflower" at the same house on Sept. 4, and Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory in "The Perfect Marriage" on Sept. 18 at the Plymouth.

* * *

"MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT"—a Rodgers-Hammerstein production—is booked in for Oct. 2, at the Plymouth.

There will be plenty of places to go and plenty of things to do as far as the theater is concerned. And soon, too.

MOVIE CLOCK

RKO-BOSTON—"Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More," 1:50, 3:55, 6:00, 8:00, 10:10. Stage Show, 1:00, 2:00, 5:10, 7:05, 9:20.

MEMORIAL—"Twilight on the Prairie," 1:05, 3:35, 6:15, 8:55. "Martins Raiders," 2:00, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55.

MET—"Mr. Skeffington," 1:00, 3:35, 6:15, 8:50.

STATE—"Bathing Beauty," 1:00, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10.

ORPHEUM—"Bathing Beauty," 1:00, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:05.

PARAMOUNT—"Hour Before the Dawn," 1:00, 4:00, 6:55, 9:50. "Song of the Open Road," 2:20, 5:15, 8:15.

FENWAY—"Hour Before the Dawn," 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00. "Song of the Open Road," 3:15, 6:15, 8:15.

BOWDOIN—"Moon Over Las Vegas"; 1:05, 4:25, 7:50; "Follow the Boys"; 3:17, 6:38, 8:59.

TREMONT—"Beyond the Blue Horizon"; 1, 4:35, 8:10; "They Died With Their Boots On"; 2:15, 5:50, 9:30.

NORMANDIE—"They Died With Their Boots On"; 1, 4:30, 8; "Beyond the Blue Horizon"; 2:20, 7, 10:25.

UPTOWN—"Home In Indiana"; 2:55, 8:55, 9:25; "Three Men in White"; 1:05, 4:25, 8.

EXETER—"Home In Indiana"; 3, 6:10, 9:30; "Yellow Canary"; 1:45, 4:50, 8:10.

SCOLLAY—"Story of Dr. Wassell"; 1:10, 3:40, 6:10, 8:40.

BEACON—"Are There Our Parents"; 1:15, 4:32, 7:49; "Passage to Marseilles"; 2:28, 5:45, 9:02.

MODERN—"Gildersleeve's Ghost"; 2:40, 5:25, 8:15; "Home In Indiana"; 1, 4:45, 6:30, 9:20.

OLYMPIA—"Story of Dr. Wassell"; 1, 3:30, 6:05, 8:45.

MAVIS FREEMAN, in "The Last Stop," a new melo-drama by Irving Kaye Davis, which opens at the Wilbur on Monday, Aug. 21.

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KENMORE 0778 Paul Henreid - Ida Lupino
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Eddie Cantor-Geo. Murphy "SHOW BUSINESS" L. Barrymore-Van Johnson "3 MEN IN WHITE"
CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY Harvard Sq. MAin 0800
BETTY GRABLE "PIN UP GIRL"
Jeanette MacDonald "YELLOW CANARY"
LECHMERE A. Ray Wong-H. Huber "Lady From Chungking" Leon Errol-M. E. Hayden "FOLLOW THE BAND"
CHARLESTOWN
CHA 1640 THOMPSON SQ. CHAS. 1640
ROBERT WATSON-VICTOR VARCONI "THE HITLER GANG"
Rosemary Lane-Johnny Downs—"TROCADERO"
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Edward G. Robinson "TAMPICO" Lee Gorcey-L. Side Kids "DETAINED"
EVERETT
EVE. 1600 CAPITOL PARK EVE. 1600
"Only Girl in the Old Block" 3:45-6:38-9:43
Snow White and 7 Dwarfs 2:18-5:12-8:16
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Lionel Barrymore-Van Johnson "Three Men in White" Walt Brown-Gordon Oliver—"Seven Days Ashore"
MALDEN - Continued
MYSTIC CONTINUOUS • MAL. 7654
1:45-11 • Free Parking
I. Carroll Naish-John Carradine "WATERFRONT" Dooley Crabbe-Arline Judge—"THE CONTENDER"
ORPHEUM MAT. 2:45—EVE. 7:11
SAT. SUN. HOL. CONT.
Wallace Beery-Marjorie Main "RATIONING" William Boyd—"TEXAS MASQUERADE"
AUDITORIUM CONTINUOUS
1:45-11
Eddie Cantor-George Murphy "SHOW BUSINESS" Plus "YELLOW CANARY"
MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS
1:45-11
M. Rooney-L. Stone "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" Leon Errol-Anne Rooney "SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC"
MEDFORD
MEDFORD Capitol Burgess-J. Cotten "GASLIGHT"
Continuous 1 to 11 P. M. Gloria Jean "PARDON MY RHYTHM"
NORTH STATION
LANCASTER UNCLE NED'S VARIETIES
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM" Talcott Sq. Well
QUINCY
Strand Continuous 1:45-11 Alhambra
Ray Francis-Carole Landis "4 JILLS IN A JEEP" Paul Lukas-Cort. Esmond "ADDRESS UNKNOWN"
Van Johnson-J. Durrein 2 GIRLS AND A SAILOR Tom Conway-Audrey Long "A Night of Adventure"
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HI YA SAILOR
SOMERVILLE
TEELE SQ. SOMERVILLE BROADWAY
ALL STAR CAST
"FOLLOW THE BOYS"
Larry Parks-Don Wilson "BLACK PARACHUTE"
SOUTH END
NATIONAL UNCLE NED'S VARIETIES
"BROADWAY RHYTHM" "Racket Man"
WATERTOWN
WATERTOWN SQ. WAT. 0720
Humphrey Bogart "PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES" Jimmy Lydon "HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS HOUSE"
WEYMOUTH
Drive-In Theatre GRACE McDONALD • LEON ERROL
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I. Berrymore-M. Maxwell "3 Men in White" "Seven Days Ashore" Ginger Rogers "ROBERT GERHARDT" "Sailor's Holiday"

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CIRCLE Air Conditioned. Cont. 2 to 11
Betty Grable "PIN-UP GIRL" Joe E. Brown
Wally Brown "SEVEN DAYS ASHORE"
ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN
CONT. 2:45-11 Capitol-Jamaica CONT. 2-11
GARY COOPER "DR. WASSELL" E. Cantor - Geo. Murphy "SHOW BUSINESS"
"Gildersleeve's Ghost" "YELLOW CANARY"
ALLSTON John Wayne-Barry Fitzgerald "THE LONG VOYAGE HOME" Cont. 2 to 11 Sta. 4410 P. Foster "BERMUDA MYSTERY"
CAMBRIDGE
CENTRAL SQ. Cont. 1-11. Air Condit. G. Cooper "STORY OF DR. WASSELL" L. Day Harold Peary-Marion Martin "Gildersleeve's Ghost"
CHELSEA
OLYMPIA Eddie Cantor-Connie Murphy CHE. 1863 "SHOW BUSINESS" (Lionel Barrymore) "3 MEN IN WHITE"
CODMAN Eddie Cantor-Connie Murphy
CODMAN TAL. 4040. Cont. from 1:30 "TWO GIRLS and a SAILOR" Cont of 22 Tom Conway-Jean Brooks "NIGHT of ADVENTURE"
FIELDS Eddie "Show Business" Georg TAL. 3200 Cantor Murphy Cont. 1:45 Anna Neagle "YELLOW CANARY"
FRANKLIN TAL. 5500. Cont. from 2:00 Jim Barnade "2 GIRLS AND A SAILOR" Cont of 22 Tom Conway-Jean Brooks "NIGHT of ADVENTURE"
MORTON GEN. 6300. CONT. 2:00 Betty Grable "PIN UP GIRL" in color Van Johnson "3 MEN IN WHITE"
STRAND Cont. 1:30-11. Air Conditioned Gary Cooper "STORY OF DR. WASSELL" in color "GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST," HAROLD PEARY
HYDE PARK
FAIRMONT Eddie Cantor-George Murphy HYD. 1234 "Show Business" Cont. 2:30 Richard Greene, "YELLOW CANARY"
MATTAPAN
ORIENTAL Cont. 1:30-11. Air Conditioned GARY COOPER, "STORY OF DR. WASSELL" HAROLD PEARY, "GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST"
NORFOLK DOWNS
REGENT Ring Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald CRA. 1863 Going My Way
Cont. 1:45-11 SHOWN AT 1:50—4:10—6:30—8:50
ROSLINDALE
RIALTO BETTY GRABLE "PIN UP GIRL" "CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA"
ROXBURY
Gary Cooper "Story of Dr. Wassell" Lorraine Day
RIVOLI 1-11 "GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST"
DUDLEY RIG. 0042. CONT. 1-11 Bela Lugosi, "RETURN OF THE APE MAN" John Carradine, "BLACK PARACHUTE"
SHAWMUT BETTY GRABLE "PIN UP GIRL" CAR. 1370 Thrilling "BLACK PARACHUTE"
CONT. 1-11
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SOMERVILLE
SOM. 2700 Capitol-Bali Sq. SOM. 3434
MICKEY ROONEY-LEWIS STONE "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble"
EAST SIDE KIDS, "FOLLOW THE LEADER"
CENTRAL Joel McCrea-Maureen O'Hara SOM. 7610 "BUFFALO BILL" Ray Milland, "THE UNINVITED" Ruth Hussey
STRAND RISE STEVENS-BING CROSBY SOM. 0830 "Going My Way"
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